

The Spanish Tragedy:

Or,
HIERONIMO is mad againe.

Containing the lamentable end of *Don Horatio*,
and *Belimperia*; With the pittifull Death
of HIERONIMO.

Newly Corrected, Amended, and Enlarged with new
Additions, as it hath of late been diuers
times Acted.



L O N D O N

Printed by Augustine Mathewes, and are to bee sold by
John Griswold, at his Shop in Pauls Alley, at the Signe
of the Gunne. 1623.

Miss 272

10. *Indigofera*



O. G. M. 2



ACTVS PRIMVS.

Enter the Ghost of Andrea, and with him Reuenge.

Ghost.



When this eternall substance of my Soule,
Did live imprisoned in my wonted flesh,
Each in their function seruing other need,
I was a Courtier in the Spanish Court :
My name was *Don Andrea* : my discent,
Thou ghnott ignoble, yet inferiour farre

To gracious Fortunes of my tender youth :
There in the prime and pride of all my yeares,
By dutious Seruice, and deseruing loue,
In secret I possest a worthy Dame,
Whick hight sweet *Belimperia* by name :
But in the Haruest of my Summers ioyes,
Deaths Winter nipt the blossomes of my blisse,
Forcing diuorse betwixt my Loue and mee :
For in the late Conflict with *Portingale*,
My Valour drew me into dangers mouth,
Till life to death, made passage through my wounds.
When I was slaine, my Soule descended straight,
To passe the flowing streme of *Acheron* :
But churlish *Charon*, onely Boatman there,
Said, that my Rites of Buriall not perform'd,
I might not sit among his Passengers.
Ere *Sol* had slept three nights in *Tbetis* lap,
And slakt his smoaking Chariot in her flood,
By *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne,
My Funerals and Obsequies were done.
Then was the Ferry-man of Hell content,
To passe me ouer to the slimie Strond,
That leads to fell *Auerkus* ougly waues,
There pleasing *Cerberus* with horned speech,

I past the perils of the formost Porch:
Not farre from hence, amidst ten thousand soules,
Satc *Minos*, *Eacus*, and *Radamant*:
To whom no sooner gan I make approach,
To craue a Pasport for my wandring Ghost.
But *Minos* in grauen leaues of Lotterie,
Drew forth the manner of my life and death.
This Knight (quoth he) both liu'd and died in loue,
And for his Loue, tried fortune of the warres,
And by Warres fortune, lost both loue and life.
Why then (said *Eacus*) conuey him hence,
To walke with Louers in our fields of Loue,
And spend the course of euerlasting time,
Vnder greene Myrtle trees, and Cypres shades.
No, no, (said *Radamant*) it were not well,
With louing soules, to place a Martiallist.
Hee dyed in Warre, and must to Martiall Fields:
Where wounded *Hector* liues in lasting paine,
And *Achilles* Mermidons doe scour the plaine.
Then *Minos*, mildest Censurer of the three,
Made this deuice, to end the difference:
Send him (quoth he) to our infernall King,
To doome him as best seemes his Maiestie.
To this effect, my Pasport straight was drawne.
In keeping on my way to *Plutoes* Court,
Through dreadfull shades of euer-blooming night,
I saw more sights then thousand tongues can tell,
Or pennes can write, or mortall hearts can thinke.
Thrce wayes there were, that on the right hand side
Was ready way vnto the foresaid Field,
Where Louers liue, and bloody Martialists:
But either sort contain'd within his bounds,
The left hand path declining fearefully,
Was ready fall downe to the deepest Hell,
Where bloody Furies shakes their whips of steele,
And poore *Ixion* turnes an endlesse wheele:
Where Vsurers are choakt with melting gold,
And Wantons are embrac'd with ougly Snakes,

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And Murderers greene with euer-killing wounds,
And perjur'd wights scalded in boyling Lead,
And all foule sinnes with torments overwhelm'd.
Twixt these two wayes, I trode the middle path,
Which brought mee to the faire *Elysian Greene*:
In midſt whereof, there stands a ſtately Tower,
The Walles of Brasse, the Gates of Adamant.
Heere finding *Pluto* with his *Proſerpine*,
I ſhewed my Paſport humbled on my knee:
Wherat faire *Proſerpine* began to ſmile.
I begg'd that onely ſhee might giue my doome.
Pluto was pleas'd, and ſeal'd it with a kiffe.
Foorthwith *Reuenge*, ſhe rounded thee in the eare,
And bade thee lead me through the gates of Horror:
Where Dreames haue paſſage in the ſilent night.
No ſooner had ſhee ſpoke, but we were heere,
(I wote not how) in twinkling of an eye.

Reuenge. Then know *Andrea*, that thou art arriu'd,
Wherethou ſhalt ſee the Author of thy death,
Don Balthazar, the Prince of *Portingale*,
Depriu'd of life by *Belimperia*.
Heere ſit wee downe to ſee the Mystery,
And ſcrue for *Chorus* in this Tragegie.

Enter Spanish King, Generall, Castile, and
Hieronimo.

King. Now ſay Lord Generall, how fares our Campe?

Gene. All well (my Soueraigne Liege) except ſome few,
That are deceaſt by fortune of the Warre.

King. But what pretends thy chearefull countenance,
And poſting to our preſence thus in haſte?
Speake man, hath Fortune giuen vs viſtory?

Gene. Viſtory (my Liege) and that with little loſſe.

King. Our *Portingales* will pay vs Tribute then?

Gene. Tribute, and wonted Homage therewithall.

King. Then bleſt be Heauen, and guider of the Heauens,
From whose faire influence ſuch Iuſtice flowes.

Cast. O multum dilecto Deo, tibi militat aſter,

Et coniurata curuata populo gentes

The Spanish Tragedie.

Succumbant: recti soror est victoria inris.

King. Thankes to my louing Brother of Castile,
But Generall, vnfold in briefe Discourse
Your forme of Battell, and your warres successe;
That adding all the pleasure of thy newes
vnto the height of former happinesse,
With deeper wage, and greater dignitie,
Wee may reward thy blisfull Chiualry.

Gene. Where Spaine and Portingale doe ioynly knyt,
Their Frontires, leaning on each others Bounds:
There met our Armies in their proud aray:
Both furnisht well, both full of hope and feare:
Both menacing alike with daring Showes,
Both vaunting sundry colours of deuice,
Both cheerely sounding Trumpets, Drummes, and Fifes,
Both raising dreadfull Clamors to the Skie,
That Vallies, Hilles, and Riuers made rebound,
And Heauen it selfe was frighted with the sound.
Our Battailes both were pitcht in Squadron forme,
Each corner strongly fenc'd with wings of Shot:
But ere we ioyn'd, and came to push of Pike,
I brought a Squadron of the readiest Shot,
From out our Reareward, to begin the fight;
They brought another Wing t'encounter vs:
Meane while, our Ordnance playd on either side,
And Captaines stroue to haue their Valour tride.
Don Pedro, their chiefe Horsemens Coronell,
Did with his Coronet brauely make attempt,
To breake the Order of our Battell rankes:
But Don Rogero worthy man of Warre,
Marcht foorth against him with our Musketiers,
And stops the malice of his fell approach;
Which they maintaine hote Skirmish to and fro,
Both Battailes ioyne, and fall to handy-blowes:
Their violent Shot resembling th'Oceans rage,
When roaring loud, and with a swelling tyde,
It beats vpon the rampires of huge Rockes,
And gapes to swallow neighbour-bounding Lands:

Now

The Spanish Tragedie.

Now when Bellona rageth heere and there,
Thicke stormes of Bullets ranne like Winters Hayles,
And shiuered Launces dark'd the troubled Ayre.

Pede Pes, & cuspide cuspis.

Anni sonant annis, vir petiturque viro.

On euery side dropt Captaines to the ground,
And Souldiers lie maim'd, some slaine outright:
Heere falles a body sunderd from his Head,
There Legges and Armes lie bleeding on the grasse,
Mingled with weapons, and vnbowed Steedes,
That scattering ouer-spread the purple Plaine.
In all this turmoyle three long howres and more,
The Victory to neither part enclinde,
Till *Dm Andrea* with his braue Launciers,
In their maine Battaille made so great a breach,
That halfe dismayd, the multitude retirde:
But *Balthazar* the *Portingales* young Prince,
Brought rescue, and encourag'd them to stay.
Heere-hence the fight was eagerly renew'd,
And in that Conflict was *Andrea* slaine,
Braue man at Armes, but weake to *Balthazar*:
Yet while the Prince insulting ouer him,
Breath'd out prond vaunts, sounding to our reproach,
Friendship and hardie Valour ioyn'd in one,
Frickt foorth *Horatio* our Knight-Marshals Sonne,
To challenge foorth that Prince to single fight:
Not long betweene these twaine the fight indur'd,
But straight the Prince was beaten from his Horse,
And forc'd to yeld him prisoner to his foe.
When hee was taken, all the rest they fled,
And our Carbines pursued them to death,
Till *Phebus* wauing to the Westerne Deepe,
Our Trumpetters were charg'd to sound Retreat.

King. Thankes good *L. Generall* for these good newes,
And for some argument of more to come,
Take this, and weare for thy Soueraignes sake.

Gives him his Chaine.

The Spanish Tragedie.

But tell me now, hast thou confirm'd a peace?

Gen. No peace (my Liege) but Peace conditionall,
That if with homage tribute may be payd,
The fury of our forces will be stayd:
And to that Peace, their Viceroy hath subscribde,

Gives the King a Paper.

And made a solemne vow, that during life,
This Tribute shall be truely payde to Spaine!

King. These words, these deeds become thy person well.
But now Knight Marshall, frolicke with the King,
For tis thy Sonne that winnes that Battels prize.

Hier. Long may he liue to serue my Soueraigne Liege,
And soone decay, vnalesse he serue my Liege.

A Trumpet afarre off.

King. Nor thou, nor he, shall dye without reward.
What means this warning of the Trumpets sound?

Gene. This tells me, that your Graces men of warre,
Such as warres fortune hath reseru'd from death,
Come marching on towards your royll Seat,
To shew themselves before your Maiestie:
For so I gaue them charge at my depart;
Whereby by demonstration shall appeare,
That all, except three hundred, or few more,
Are safe return'd, and by their foes enricht.

*The Arme meetes, Balthazar betweene Lorenzo
and Horatio, captiue.*

King. A gladsome sight, I long to see them heere.

They enter, and passe by.

Was that the warlike Prince of Portingale,
That by our Nephew was in Triumph led?

Gene. It was (my Liege) the Prince of Portingale.

King. But what was he, that on the other side,
Held him by th'arme, as Partner of the Prize?

Hier. That was my Sonne, (my gracious Soueraigne)
Of whom, though from his tender Infancie,
My louing thoughts did never hope but well:
Hee never pleasd his Fathers eyes till now,
Nor fill'd my heart with ouer-cloying ioyes.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Goe, let them march once more about these walles,
That staying them, we may conferre and talke,
With our braue Prisoner, and his double Guard.
Hieronimo, it greatly pleaseth vs,
That in our Victory thou haue a share,
By vertue of thy worthy Sonnes exploit. Enter againe.
Bring hither the young Prince of Portingale,
The rest march on: But ere they be dismift,
Wee will bestow on euery Souldier two Duckets,
And on euery Leader ten; that they may know
Our largesse welcomes them. Exeunt all but Bal. Lor. & Hor.
Welcome Don Balthazar, welcome Nephew:
And thou Horatio, thou art welcome too:
Young Prince, although thy Fathers hard mis-deeds,
In keeping backe the Tribute that he owes,
Deserue but euill measure at our hands;
Yet shalt thou know, that Spaine is honourable.

Balt. The trespassse that my Father made in peace,
Is now contrould by fortune of the warres:
And Cards once dealt, it boots not aske why so?
His men are slaine, a weakning to the Realme;
His Colours ceazd, a blot vnto his name;
His Sonne distrest, a corsue to his heart:
These punishments may cleare his late offence.

King. I Balthazar, if he obserues this Truce,
Our peace will grow the stronger for these warrs:
Meane while liue thou, though not in libertie,
Yet free from bearing any seruile yoake:
For in our hearing, thy deserts were great,
And in our sight thy selfe art gracious.

Balt. And I shall studie to deserue this grace.

King. But tell me, (for their holding makes me doubt)
To which of these twaine art thou Prisoner? Exeunt

Loren. To mee, my Lord.

Horat. To me, my Soueraigne.

Lor. This hand first tooke the Courser by the Reines.

Hor. But first my Launce did put him from his Horse.

Lor. I ceaz'd his Weapon, and enioy'd it first.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. But first I forc'd him lay his weapons downe.

King. Let go his arme vpon our priuiledge. *Let him go.*
So, worthy Prince, to whether didst thou yeeld?

Bal. To him in curtesie, to this perforce :
He spake me faire, this other gaue me strokes ;
He promised life, this other threatened death ;
He wanne my loue, this other conquered me ;
And truth to say, I yeeld my selfe to both.

Hier. But that I know your Grace for iust and wise,
And might seeme partiall in this difference,
Inforst by Nature, and by Law of Armes,
My tongue should plead for young *Horatios* right :
He hunted well, that was a Lyons death,
Not he that in a gariment wore his skin :
So Harcs may pull dead Lyons by the Beard.

King. Content thee Marshall, thou shalt haue no wrong,
And for thy sake thy sonne shalt want no right.
Will both abide the censure of my doome ?

Lor. I craue no better then your Grace awards.

Hor. Nor I, although I sit beside my right.

King. Then by my iudgement, thus your strife shall end :
You both deserue, and both shall haue reward.
Nephew, thou tookst his Weapons, and his Horse,
His Weapons and his Horse, are thy reward.
Horatio, thou didst force him first to yeeld ;
His Ransome therefore is thy valours fee :
Appoynt the summe, as you shall both agree.
But Nephew, thou shalt haue the Prince in guard,
For thine estate best fitteth such a Guest :
Horatios house were small for all his traine :
Yet in regard thy substance passeth his,
And that iust guerdon may befall desert,
To him we yeeld the Armour of the Prince.
How likes *Don Balthazar* of this deuice ?

Balt. Right well (my Liege) if this prouiso were,
That *Don Horatio* beare vs company ;
Whom I admire and loue for Chivalry.

King. *Horatio*, leaue him not that loues thee so.

Now

The Spanish Tragedie.

Now let vs hence to see our Souldiers paid,
And Feast our Prisoner as our friendly guest.

Exeunt.

Enter Viceroy, Alexandro, and Vilippo.

Vice. Is our Embassadour dispatcht for Spaine?

Ale. Two dayes (my Liege) are past since his depart.

Vice. And Tribute payment gone along with him?

Ale. I, my good Lord.

Vice. Then rest we here awhile in our vnrest,
And feed our sorrowes with some inward sighs;
For deepest cares breake neuer into teares.
But wherefore sit I in this Regall throne?
This better fits a wretches endles moane. *Fals to the ground*
Yet this is higher then my fortunes reach,
And therefore better then my state deserues:
I, I, this Earth Image of Melancholly,
Seeks him whom Fates adiudged to misery;
Here let me lie: now am I at the lowest.

*Qui iacet in terra, non habet unde cadat,
In me consumpsit vires fortuna nocendo:
Nil superest ut iam possit obesse magis.*

Yes, Fortune may bereave me of my Crowne:
Here, take it now, let Fortune doe her worst,
Shee will not rob me of this sable weed:
O no, shee enuies none but pleasant things,
Such is the folly of despightfull Chaunce.
Fortune is blind, and sees not my deserts;
So is she deafe, and heares not my lamentes:
And could she heare, yet is she wilfull mad,
And therefore will not pitie my distresse.
Suppose that she could pitie me, what then?
What helpe can be expected at her hands,
Whose foot standing on a rowling stone,
And Minde more mutable then fickle winds;
Why waile I then where's hope of no redresse?
O yes! complaining makes my grieve seeme lesse.
My late Ambition hath distaind my Faith,
My breach of Faith, occasion'd bloody warres,
These bloody warres, haue spent my treasure;

The Spanish Tragedie.

And with my Treasure, my peoples Blood:
And with their Blood, my Ioy and best Beloued;
My best Beloued, my sweet and onely Sonne.
O wherefore went I not to Warre my selfe?
The cause was mine, I might haue dyed for both:
My yeeres were mellow, but his young and greene;
My death were naturall, but his was forced.

Alex. No doubt (my Liege) but still the Prince suruiues.

Vice. Suruiues, I but where?

Alex. In Spaine a prisoner, by mischance of Warre.

Vice. Then they haue slaine him for his fathers fault.

Alex. That were a breach to common law of Armes.

Vice. They reake no Lawes, that meditate reuenge.

Alex. His ransoms worth will stay from soule reuenge.

Vice. No, if he liued, the newes would soone be here.

Alex. Nay, euill newes will flie faster still then good.

Vice. Tell me no more of Newes, for he is dead.

Villip. My Soueraigne, pardon the author of ill Newes,
And Ile bewray the fortune of thy sonne.

Vice. Speake on, Ile guerdon thee what ere it be,
Mine Eare is ready to receive ill Newes;
My Heart growne hard against mischiefes battery:
Stand vp I say, and tell thy tale at large.

Vil. Then heare the truth, which these mine eyes haue seen,
When both the Armies were in battell ioynd,
Don Balthazar amidst the thickest troupes,
To win renowne, did wondrous feats of Armes:
Amongst the rest, I saw him hand to hand,
In single fight with their Lord Generall,
Till *Alexandro* (that here counterfeits
Vnder the colour of a dutious friend)
Discharg'd his Pistoll at the Princes backe,
As though he would haue slaine their Generall:
But therewithall, *Don Balthazar* fell downe:
And when he fell, then we began to flie:
But had he liu'd, the day had sure been ours.

Alex. O wicked forgery: O trayterous miscreant.

Vice. Hold thou thy peace: But now *Villippe*, say,

Where

The Spanish Tragedie.

Where then became the carkasse of my Sonne?

Villip. I saw them drag it to the Spanish Tents.

Vice. I, I, my nightly dreames haue told me this.

Thou false, vnkind, vnthankfull trayterous beast,

Wherein had Balthazar offended thee,

That thou shouldest thus betray him to our foes?

Was't Spanish gold that bleared so thine eyes,

That thou could see no part of our deserts?

Perchance because thou art *Teresaes* Lord,

Thou hast some hope to weare this Diadem,

If first my sonne, and then my selfe were slaine?

But thy ambitious thoughts shall breake thy neck:

I, this was it that made thee spill his blood;

He takes the Crowne, and puts it on againe.

But now Ile weare it till thy blood be spilt.

Alex. Vouchsafe (deare Soueraigne) to heare me speake.

Vice. Away with him, his sight is second hell:

Keep him till we determine of his death;

If Balthazar be dead, hee shall not liue.

Villip, follow vs for thy reward.

Villip. Thus haue I with an enuious forged tale,

Deceiu'd the King, betrayd mine enemy,

And hope for guerdon of my villany.

Exe.

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Bel. Signior Horatio, this is the place, and howre,

Wherein I must entreat thee to relate

The circumstance of *Don Andreas* death,

Who liuing, was my Garlands chiefest Flower,

And in his death, hath buried my delights.

Hor. For loue of him, and service to your selfe,

Ile not refuse this dolefull heauy charge:

Yet teares and sighs (I feare) will hinder me.

When both our Armies were enioynd to fight.

Your worthy Caualier amidst the thickest,

For glorious cause, still ayming at the fairest,

Was at the last by young *Don Balthazar*,

Encountred hand to hand: their fight was long,

Their hearts were great, their clamours menacing:

The Spanish Tragedie.

Their strength alike, their strokes both dangerous :
But wrathfull Nemesis, that wicked power,
Enuying at *Andreas* praise and worth,
Cut short his life, to end his praise and worth ;
Shee, she her selfe, disguisde in Armours maske,
(As *Pallas* was before proud *Pegasus*)
Brought in fresh supply of Halbardiers,
Which pauncht his horse, and dingd him to the ground :
Then young *Don Balthasar*, with ruthlesse rage,
Taking aduantage of his foes distresse,
Did finish what his Halbardiers begun,
And left not till *Andreas* life was done.
Then (though too late) incenst with iust remorce,
I with my Band set foorth against the Prince,
And brought him prisoner from his Halbardiers.

Bel. Would thou hadst slaine him that slue my Loue :
But then, was *Don Andreas* carkasse lost ?

Hor. No, that was it for which I chiefly troue,
Nor stept I backe, till I recouered him :
I tooke him vp, and wound him in mine armes,
And welding him vnto my priuate Tent,
There layd him downe, and deawd him with my teares,
And sighd and sorrowed as became a Friend :
But neither friendly sorrowes, sighes, nor teares,
Could win pale Death from his vsurped right.
Yet this I did, and lesse I could not doe,
I saw him honoured with due Funerall :
This Scarfe plukt off from his liuelesse arme,
And weare it in remembrance of my Friend.

Bel. I know the Scarfe, would he had kept it still ;
For had he liued, he would haue kept it still,
And worne it for his *Belimperias* sake ;
For 'twas my fauour at his last depart :
But now weare it both for him and me ;
For after him thou hast deseru'd it best :
But for thy kindnesse in his life and death,
Be sure while *Belimperias* life endures,
Shee will be *Don Horatio*, thankfull friend.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. And (Madame) Non Horatio will not slacke;
Humbly to serue faire B. Imperias.
But now if your good liking stand thereto,
Ile craue your pardon, to goe seeke the Prince,
For so the Duke your father gaue me charge.

Exit.

Bel. I, goe Horatio, leaue me here alone,
For solitude best fits my chearelesse mood:
Yet what availes to wayle Andreas death,
From whence Horatio prooues my second Loue?
Had he not loued *Andreas* as he did,
He could not sit in Belimperias thoughts.
But how can Loue find harbour in my breast,
Till I reuenge the death of my Beloued?
Yes, second Loue shall further my reaenge;
Ile loue Horatio my *Andreas* friend,
The more to spight the Prince, that wrought his end:
And where *Don Balibazar* that slew my Loue,
Himselfe now pleades for fauour at my hands,
He shall in rigour of my iust disdaine,
Reape long repentance of his murderous deed:
For what wast else, but murdrous cowardise,
So many to oppresse one valiant Knight,
Without respect of Honour in the fight?
And heere he comes that murdered my delight.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balibazar.

Lor. Sister, what means this melancholy walke?

Bel. That for a while I wish no company.

Lor. But heere the Prince is come to visit you.

Bel. That argues that he liues at libertie.

Bal. No Madame, but in pleasing seruitude.

Bel. Your Prison then (belike) is your Conceit.

Bal. I, by Conceit my freedome is enthrald.

Bel. Then with conceit enlarge your selfe againe.

Bal. What if Conceit haue laid my heart to gage?

Bel. Pay that you borrowed, and recouer it.

Bal. I die if it returne from whence it lies.

Bel. A heartlesse man, and liues a miracle.

Bel. I Lady, Loue can worke such miracles.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. Tush, tush, my Lord, let goe these ambages,
And in plaine tearmes, acquaint her with your loue;
Bel. What boots complaint, when there's no remedy.
Bal. Yes, to your gracious selfe must I complaine,
In whose faire answere, lyes my remedy ;
On whose perfection, all my thoughts attend,
On whose aspect, mine eyes find Beauties Bower;
In whose translucent Breasts, my heart is lodged.
Bel. Alasse (my Lord) these are but words of course,
And but deuis'd to drive me from this place.

*Shee going in, lets fall her Gloue, which Horatio
coming out, takes it up.*

Hor. Madame, your Gloue.
Bel. Thanks good *Horatio*, take it for thy paines.
Bal. Signior *Horatio* stoopt in happy time.
Hor. I reap'd more grace then I deseru'd, or hop'd.
Lor. My Lord, be not dismayd for what is past,
You know that women oft are humerous :
These Clouds will ouer-blow with little winde ;
Let me alone, Ile scatter them my selfe :
Meane while, let vs devise to spend the time
In some delightsome sports and reuellings.

Hor. The King (my Lord) is comming hither straight,
To feast the *Portingale Embassadour* ;
Things were in readinesse before I came.

Bal. Then here it fits vs to attend the King.
To welcome hither our Embassadour,
And learne my Father, and my Countries health.

Enter the Banquet. 1 rumpets, the King, and Embassadour.
King. See Lord Embassadour, how Spaine entreats
Their Prisoner *Balthazar*, thy Viceroyes sonne,
We pleasure more in kindnesse, then in warres.

Embus. Sad is our King, and *Portingale* laments,
Supposing that *Don Balthazar* is slaine.

Bal. So am I slaine by Beauties tyrannie :
You see (my Lord) how *Balthazar* is slaine :
I frolike with the Duke of *Castiles* sonne,
Wrapt every howre in pleasures of the Court,

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And graced with fauours of his Maiestie.

King. Put off your greetings till our Feast bee done:
Now come and sit with vs, and taste our cheare.

Sit to the Banquet.

Sit downe young Prince, you are our second Guest:

Brother sit downe, and Nephew take your place:

Signior Horatio, wait thou vpon our Cup,

For well thou hast deserued to be honoured.

Now Lordings fall to, Spaine is Portingale,

And Portingale is Spaine; we both are friends,

Tribute is paid, and we enjoy our right.

But where is old Hieronimo, our Marshall?

He promised vs in honour of our Guest,

To grace our Banquet with some pompous iest.

Enter Hieronimo with a Drumme, three Knights, each his

Scutchion: then he fetches three Kings, they take
their Crownes and them captiue.

Hieronimo, this Maske contents mine eye,

Although I sound not well the mystery.

Hier. The first arm'd Knight, that hung his Scutchion vp,

He takes the Scutchion, and giveth it to the King.

Was English Robert, Earle of Gloucester,

Who when King Stephen bore sway in Albion,

Arriu'd with twentie thousand men

In Portingale, and by successe of warre,

Enforc'd the King (then but a Sarafin)

To beare the yoake of th' English Monarchie.

King. My Lord of Portingale, by this you see,

That which may comfort both your King and you,

And make your late discomfort seeme the lesse.

But say Hieronimo, what was the next?

Hier. The second Knight that hung his Scutchion vp,

He doth as hee did before.

Was Edmund Earle of Kent in Albion,

When English Richard wore the Diadem:

Hee came likewise and razed Lisbone walles,

And tooke the King of Portingale in fight,

For which, and other such like seruice done,

The Spanish Tragedie.

He after was created Duke of Yorke.

King. This is another speciall argument,
That Portingale may daine to beare our yoake,
When it by little England hath beene yoakt.
But now Hieronimo, what were the last?

Hier. The third and last, not least in our account,

Doing as hee did before.

Was (as the rest) a valiant English man,
Braue John of Gaunt the Duke of Lancaster,
As by his Scutchion plainly may appeare:
He with a puissant Army came to Spaine,
And tooke our King of Castile prisoner.

Emboſſ. This is an argument for our Viceroy,
That Spaine may not insult for her successe,
Since English Warriours likewise conquered Spaine,
And made them bow their knees to Albion.

King. Hieronimo, I drinke to thee for this deuice,
Which hath pleased both the Embassador and me:
Pledge me Hieronimo, if thou loue the King.

Takes the Cup of Horatio.

My Lord, I feare we sit but ouer-long,
Vnlesse our dainties were more delicate:
But welcome are you to the best we haue.
Now let vs in, that wee may be dispatcht,
I thinke our Counsell is already set.

Exeunt omnes.

Andrea.

Come we for this from depth of vnder ground,
To see him feast that gaue me my deaths wound?
These pleasant sights are sorrow to my soule,
Nothing but League, and Loue, and Banqueting?

Reuenge.

Be still *Andrea*, ere we goe from hence,
Ile turne their Friendship into fell Despight;
Their Loue to mortall Hate, their Day to Night:
Their Hope into Despaire, their Peace to Warre;
Their Joyes to Paine, their Blisse to Misery.

ACTVS

The Spanish Tragedie.

ACTVS SECUNDVS.

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Lorenzo.

MY Lord, though *Belimperia* seeme thus coy,
Let Reason hold you in your wonted ioy :
In time the sauage Bull sustaines the Yoake :
In time all haggard Hawkes will stoope to Lure :
In time small Wedges cleave the hardest Oake :
In time the hardest Flint is pierst with softest shoure :
And shee in time, will fall from her disdaine,
And rule the sufferance of your friendly paine.

Bal. No, she is wilder, and more hard withall,
Then Beast, or Bird, or Tree, or stony Wall.
But wherefore blot I *Belimperias* name ?
It is my fault, not she, that merits blame.
My feature is not to content her sight :
My words are rude, and worke her no delight :
The lines I send her, are but harsh and ill,
Such as doe drop from *Pan* and *Marsis* quill :
My Presents are not of sufficient cost,
And being worthlesse, all my labour's lost.
Yet might shee loue me for my valiancie :
I, but that's slandered by Captiuitie.
Yet might shee loue me to content her Sire :
I, but her Reason masters her desire.
Yet might shee loue me, as her Brothers friend :
I, but her hopes ayme at some other end.
Yet might shee loue me, to vp-reare her state :
I, but perhaps shee loues some Nobler mate.
Yet might shee loue me as her Beauties thrall :
I, but I feare shee cannot loue at all !

Lor. My Lord, for my sake leue these extasies,
And doubt not but weeke finde some remedy ;
Some cause there is, that lets you not beloued ;
First that must needs be knowne, and then remooued.
What if my Sister loue some other Knight ?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bkt. My Summers day will turne to Winters night.

Lor. I haue already found a stratagem,
To sound the bottome of this doubtfull theame.

My Lord, for once you shall be rul'd by me,
Hinder me not what ere you heare or see :
By force, or faire meanes, will I cast about,
To find the truth of all this question out.

Hoe, Pedringano.

Enter Pedringano.

Ped. Signiour ?

Lor. Vien que presto.

Ped. Hath your Lordship any seruice to command me ?

Lor. I Pedringano, seruice of import.
And not to spend the time in trifling words,
Thus stands the case. It is not long (thou knowest)
Since I did shield thee from my fathers wrath,
For thy conueyance in *Andreas* loue :
For which, thou wert adiudged to punishment :
I stood betwixt thee and thy punishment.
And since thou knowst how I haue fauoured thee.
Now to these fauours will I adde reward,
Not with faire words, but store of golden Coyne,
And Lands and Liuings ioyned with Dignities,
If thou but satisfie my iust demand :
Tell truth, and haue me for thy lasting friend.

Ped. What ere it be your Lordship shall demand,
My bounden dutie bids me tell the truthe,
If case in me it lies to tell the truth.

Lor. Then Pedringano, this is my demaund,
Whom loues my sister *Belimperia*,
For shee reposeth all her trust in thee ?
Speak man, and gaine both friendship and reward :
I meane, whom loues shee in *Andreas* place ?

Ped. Alas my Lord, since *Don Andreas* death,
I haue no credit with her as before ;
And therefore know not if shee loue or no.

Lor. Nay if thou dally, then I am thy foe, *Draws his sword*
And feare shall force, what friendship cannot win :
Thy death shall bury what thy life conceales ;

Thou

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thou dyest for more esteeming her, then me.

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord.

Lor. Yet speake the truth, and I will guerdon thee,
And shield thee from what euer can ensue,
And will conceale what ere proceeds from thee:
But if thou dally once againe, thou dyest.

Ped. If Madame Belimperia be in loue.

Lor. What villaine, Ifs and ands?

Ped. Oh, stay my Lord: shee loues Horatio.

Balthazar starts backe.

Lor. What *Don Horatio* our Knight-Marshals sonne?

Ped. Euen him my Lord.

Lor. Now say, but how knowest thou that he is her Loue,
And thou shalt find me kind and liberall?
Stand vp I say, and fearelesse tell the truth.

Ped. Shee sent him Letters, which my selfe perus'd,
Full fraught with lines, and arguments of Loue,
Preferring him before Prince Balthazar.

Lor. Sweare on this Crosse, that what thou sayest is true;
And that thou wilt conceale what thou hast told.

Ped. I sweare to both, by him that made vs all.

Lor. In hope thine Oath is true, heere's thy reward:
But if I prooue thee perjur'd and vniust,
This very Sword whereon thou tookst thine Oath,
Shall be the worker of thy Tragedy.

Ped. What I haue said is true, and shall forme:
Bee still conceald from *Belimperia*:
Besides, your Honours liberalitie,
Deserues my dutious seruice, euen till death.

Lor. Let this be all that thou shalt doe for me:
Be watchfull when, and where these Louers meet,
And giue me notice in some secret sort.

Ped. I will, my Lord.

Lor. Then shalt thou find that I am liberall:
Thou knowst that I can more aduance thy state,
Then shee; be therefore wise, and faile me not:
Goe and attend her, as thy custome is,
Lest absence make her thinke thou dost amisse. *Exit Ped.*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Why so: *Tam armis, quam in genio;*
Where Words preuaile not, Violence preuailes:
But Gold doth more then either of them both.

How likes Prince Balthazar of this stratagem?

Bal. Both well, and ill: it makes me glad, and sad:
Glad, that I know the hinderer of my Loue;
Sad, that I feare shee hates me whom I loue;
Glad, that I know on whom to be reuenged;
Sad, that sheele flie me, if I take reuenge;
Yet must I take reuenge, or die my selfe,
For Loue resisted, growes impatient.

I thinke *Horatis* be my destin'd plague:
First, in his hand he brandished a Sword;
And with that Sword, he fiercely waged Warre,
And in that Warre, he gaue me dangerous wounds,
And by those wounds, he forced me to yeeld,
And by my yeelding, I became his slaue:
Now in his mouth he carries pleasing words,
Which pleasing words, doe harbour sweet conceits,
Which sweet conceits, smooth *Belimperias* Eares;
And through her Eares, diue downe into her Heart,
And in her Heart sets him, where I should stand.
Thus hath he tane my Body by his force,
And now by sleight would captiuate my Soule:
But in his fall, I le tempt the Destinies,
And either lose my life, or win my Loue.

Lor. Lets goe (my Lord) your stayng stayes Reuenge,
Doe you but follow me, and gaine your Loue,
Her fauour must be wonne by his remooue. *Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio and Belimperia.

Hor. Now Madame, since by fauour of your loue,
Our hidden smoake is turn'd to open flame:
And that with looks and words we feed our thoughts,
(Two chiefe contents) where more cannot be had:
Thus in the midst of Loues faire blandishments,
Why shew you signe of inward languishments?

Pedringano shewes all to the Prince and Lorenzo,
placing them in secret.

Bcl.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bel. My heart (sweet friend) is like a Ship at Sea,
Shee wisheth Port, where ryding all at ease,
Shee may repaire what stormy times haue worne:
And leaning on the Shore, may sing with ioy,
That pleasure follow paine, and blisse, annoy.
Possession of thy Loue, is the onely Port,
Wherein my heart with feares and hopes long lost,
Each houre doth wish and long to make resort,
Thereon repaire the ioyes that it hath lost:
And sitting safe, to sing in *Cupids Quire*,
That sweetest blisse, is crowne of Loues desire.

Balthazar and Lorenzo alone.

Ral. Oh sleepe mine Eyes, see not my Loue prophan'd;
Be deafe mine Eares, heare not my discontent;
Dye Heart, another ioyes what thou deseruest.

Lor. Watch still mine Eyes, to see the Loue disioyn'd:
Heare still mine Eares, to heare them both lament:
Leau heart to ioy at fond *Horatios* fall.

Bel. Why stands *Horatio* speechlesse all this while?

Hor. The lesse I speake, the more I meditate.

Bel. But whereon chiefly dost thou meditate?

Hor. On dangers past, and pleasures to ensue.

Bel. On pleasures past, and dangers to ensue.

Bel. What dangers and what pleasures dost thou meane?

Hor. Dangers of Warre, and pleasures of our Loue.

Lor. Dangers of death, but pleasures none at all.

Bel. Let dangers goe, thy warre shall be with me:

But such a warring, as breakes no bond of Peace.

Speake thou faire words, Ile crosse them with faire words:

Send thou sweet lookes, Ile meet them with sweet lookes:

Write louing Lines, Ile answere louing Lines:

Giue me a kisse, Ile counterchecke thy kisse:

Be this our warring Peace, or peacefull warre.

Hor. But gracious Madame, then appoyn特 the Field,
Where triall of this warre shall first be made.

Bel. Ambitious villaine, how his boldnesse growes.

Bel. Then by thy Fathers pleasant Bower, the Field
Where first we vow'd our mutuall amitie:

The

The Spanish Tragedie.

The Court were dangerous, that place is safe :
Our houre shall be, when *Vesper* gins to rise,
That summons home distressed trauailers :
There none shall heare vs but the harmelesse Birds ;
Happily the gentle Nightingale
Shall carroll vs asleepe ere we be ware,
And singing with the prickle at her breast,
Tell our delight and sportfull dalliance,
Till then, each houre will seeme a yare and more.

Hor. But Hony sweet, and honourable Lone,
Retu ne we now into your fathers fight,
Dangerous suspition waits on our delight.

Lor. I, danger mixt with ielous despight,
Shall send thy soule into eternall night.

Exeunt.

Enter King of Spaine, Portingale Embassador, Don Ciprian, &c.

King. Brother of *Castile*, to the Princes loue,
What sayes your daughter *Belimperia* ?

Cip. Although shee coy it, as becomes her kind,
And yet dissemble that shee loues the Prince ;
I doubt not I, but shee will stoope in time :
And were shee froward, which shee will not be,
Yet herein shall shee follow my aduice ;
Which is, to loue him, or forgoe my loue.

King. Then Lord Embassadour of *Portingale*,
Aduise thy King to make this mariage vp,
For strengthening of our late confirmed league ;
I know no better meanes to make vs friends,
Her Dowry shall be large and liberal :
Besides that, shee is daughter and halfe Heire
Vnto our brother heere, *Don Cyprian*,
And shall enjoy the moitie of his Land :
Ile grace her Mariage with an Vnkles gift :
And this it is, (in case the match goe forward)
The Tribute which you pay, shall be releast :
And if by *Balthazar* shee haue a Sonne,
He shall enjoy the Kingdome after vs.

Embas. Ile make the motion to my Soueraigne Liege,
And worke it, if my counsaile may preuaile.

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Doe so (my Lord) and if he giue consent,
I hope his presence here will honour vs,
In celebration of the Nuptiall day,
And let himselfe determine of the time.

Emb. Wilt please your Grace command me ought besides?

King. Command me to the King; and so farewell.
But where's Prince *Balthazar*, to take his leaue?

Emb. That is perform'd already, my good Lord.

King. Amongst the rest of what you haue in charge,
The Princes Ransome must not be forgot:
That's none of mine, but his that tooke him prisoner;
And well his forwardnesse deserues reward:
It was *Horatio*, our Knight-Marshals sonne.

Emb. Betweene vs, there's a price already pitcht,
And shall be sent with all conuenient speed.

King. Then once againe farewell, my Lord.

Emb. Farewell my Lord of *Castile*, and the rest. *Exit.*

King. Now Brother, you must take some little paine,
To winne faire *Belimperia* from her will:
Young Virgins must be ruled by their friends:
The Prince is amiable, and loues her well:
If shee neglect him, and forgoe his loue,
Shee both will wrong her owne estate and ours;
Therefore while I doe entertaine the Prince,
With greatest pleasures that our Court affoords,
Endeavour you to win your daughters thought:
If shee giue backe, all this will come to nought. *Excuse.*

Enter Horatio, Belimperia, and Pedringano.

Hor. Now that the night begins with fable wings,
To ouer-cloud the brightnesse of the Sunne,
And that in darknesse pleasures may be done:
Come *Belimperia*, let vs to the Bower,
And there in safetie passe a pleasant hower.

Bel. I follow thee my Loue, and will not backe,
Although my fainting heart controules my soule.

Hor. Why, make you doubt of *Pedringano*'s faith?

Bel. No, he is as trustie as my second selfe.

Goe *Pedringano*, watch without the gate,

D

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And let vs know if any make approch.

Ped. In stead of watching, Ile deserue more gold,
By fetching *Don Lorenzo* to this match. *Exit Ped.*

Hor. What meanes my Loue?

Bel. I know not what my selfe:

And yet my heart foretels me some mischance.

Hor. Sweet, say not so: faire Fortune is our friend,
And Heauen hath shut vp day, to pleasure vs.
The Starres (thou seest) hold backe thei twinkling shine,
And *Luna* hides her selfe, to pleasure vs.

Bel. Thou hast preuaild, Ile conquer my misdoubt,
And in thy loue and counsell, drowne my feare:
I feare no more, loue now is all my thoughts.
Why sit we not? for pleasure asketh ease.

Hor. The more thou sitst within these leauy Bowers,
The more will *Flora* decke it with her Flowers.

Bel. I but if *Flora* spie *Horatio* heere,
Her iealous eye will thinke I sit too neere.

Hor. Harke Madam, how the Birds record by night,
For ioy that *Belimperia* sits in sight.

Bel. No, *Cupid* counterfeits the Nightingale,
To frame sweet Musick to *Horatios* tale.

Hor. If *Cupid* sing, then *Venus* is not farre:
I, thou art *Venus*, or some fairer Starre.

Bel. If I be *Venus*, thou must needs be *Mars*;
And where *Mars* reigneth, there must needs be Warre.

Hor. Then thus begin our warres; put forth thy hand,
That it may combate with my ruder hand.

Bel. Set foorth thy foot, to try the push of mine,

Hor. But first my lookes shall combate against thine.

Bel. Then ward thy selfe, I dart this kisse at thee.

Hor. Thus I returne the dart thou threwst at me.

Bel. Nay, then to gaine the gloriy of the field,
My twining armes shall yoake and make thee yeeld.

Hor. Nay, then mine armes are large and strong withall:
Thus Elmes by Vines are compast, till they fall.

Bel. O let me goe, for in my troubled ey es,
Now mayst thou read, that life in passion dyes.

Hor.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hor. O stay a while, and I will dye with thee,
So shalt thou yeeld, and yet haue conquered me.

Bel. Who's there, Pedringano? We are betraid.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, Cerberin, and Pedringano disguised.

Lor. My Lord, away with her. Take her aside.

O sir, forbear; your valour is already tri'd.

Quickly dispatch my Masters. They hang him in the Arbour.

Hor. What, will ye murder me?

Lor. I thus & thus these are the fruits of loue. They stab him.

Bel. O saue his life, and let me die for him:

O saue him Brother, saue him Balthazar:

I loued Horatio, but he loued not mee.

Bal. But Balthazar loues Belimperia.

Lor. Although his life were ambitious proud,
Yet is he at the highest now he is dead.

Bel. Murder, murder, helpe Hieronimo, helpe.

Lor. Come, stop her mouth: away with her. Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo in his Shirt.

Hier. What out-crie cals me from my naked bed,
And chils my throbbing heart with trembling feare,
Which never danger yet could daunt before?

Who cals Hieronimo? speake, here I am.

I did not slumber, therefore 'twas no dreame.

No, no, it was some woman cri'd for helpe,

And here within the Garden did she crie,

And in this Garden must I rescue her.

But stay, what murdrous spectacle is this?

A man hang'd vp, and all the Murderers gone;

And in my Bower, to lay the guilt on me?

This place was made for pleasure, not for death:

He cuts him downe.

Those garments that he weares, I oft haue seene:

Alas, it is Horatio my sweet sonne:

Oh no, but he that whilome was my sonne:

Oh was it thou that call'dst me from my bed;

Oh speake, if any sparke of life remaine:

I am thy father: who hath slaine my sonne?

What sauge Monster, not of humane kind,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Here hath been glutted with thy harmelesse blood,
And left thy bloody Corps dishonoured here,
For me amidst this darke and deathfull shades,
To drowne thee with an Ocean of my teares ?
Oh Heauens, why made you night to couer sinnes ?
By day, this deed of darkness had not been ;
Oh Earth, why didst thou not in time deuowre
The vile prophane of this sacred Bower ?
O poore *Horatio*, what hadst thou misdone,
To lose thy life, ere life was new begun ?
Oh wicked Butcher, what so ere thou wert,
How couldst thou strangle Vertue and Desert ?
Aye me most wretched, that haue lost my ioy,
In leesing my *Horatio* my sweet boy.

Enter *Isabella*.

Isa. My Husbands absence makes my heart to throb.
Hieronimo.

Hier. Heere *Isabella* helpe me to lament,
For sighs are stopt, and all my teares are spent.

Isa. What world of griefe ? my sonne *Horatio*,
Oh wheres the authour of this endiesse woe ?

Hier. To know the authour, were some ease of griefe,
For in reuenge, my heart would finde reliefe.

Isa. Then is he gone ? and is my sonne gone too ?
Oh gush out teares, fountaines and floods of teares :
Blow sighes, and raife an euerlasting storme,
For outrage fits our cursed wretchednesse.
Aye me *Hieronimo*, sweet Husband speake.

Hier. He supt with vs to night frolicke and merry,
And said, he would goe visit *Balthazar*,
At the Dukes Pallace : there the Prince doth lodge.
He had no custome to stay out so late,
Hee may be in his Chamber; some goe see. *Roderigo*, Ho.

Enter *Pedro*, and *Iaques*.

Isa. Aye me, he raves : sweet *Hieronimo*.

Hier. True, all Spaine takes note of it.
Besides, he is so generally beloued,
His Maiestie the other day did grace him,

With

The Spanish Tragedie.

With wayting on his cup: these be fauours,
Which doe assure me that he cannot be short liued.

Ifa. Sweet *Hieronimo*.

Hier. I wonder how this fellow got his Clothes:
Sirha, sirha, Ile know the truth of all:
Iaques, run to the Duke of *Castile* presently,
And bid my sonne *Horatio* to come home,
I, and his mother haue had strange dreames to night:
Doe you heare sir? *Iaques.* I sir.

Hier. Well sir, begon: *Pedro*, come hither;
Knowest thou who this is?

Ped. Too well sir.

Hier. Too well, who? who is it? peace *Isabella*.
Nay blush not man.

Ped. It is my Lord *Horatio*.

Hier. Ha, ha, Saint *James*, but this doth make me laugh,
That there are more deluded then my selfe.

Ped. Deluded?

Hier. I, I would haue sworne my selfe within this houre,
That this had been my sonne *Horatio*,
His garments are so like: ha, are they not great perswasions?

Ifa. O would to God it were not so.

Hier. Were not *Isabella*? Dost thou dreame it is?
Can thy soft bosome entertaine a thought,
That such a blacke deed of mischiche should be done,
On one so pure and spotlesse as our sonne?
Away, I am ashamed.

(griefe,

Ifa. Deare *Hieronimo*, cast a more serious eye vpon thy
Weake apprehension giues but weake beliefe.

Hier. It was a man sure that was hanged vp here,
A Youth, as I remember: I cut him downe.
If it shoulde prooue my sonne now after all,
Say you, say you: light, lend me a Taper;
Let mee looke againe.

O God; confusion, mischiche, torment, death and Hell,
Drop all your stings at once in my cold bosome,
That now is stiffe with horrour; kill me quickly:
Be gracious to me, thou infestive night.

The Spanish Tragedie.

And drop this deed of Murder downe on me,
Gird in my wast of griefe, with thy large darknesse,
And let me not suruiue, to see the light,
May put me in the minde I had a sonne.

Isa. O sweet Horatio, O my dearest sonne.

Hier. How strangely had I lost my way to griefe!
Sweet louely Rose, ill pluckt before thy time.
Faire worthy Sonne, not conquered, but betrayd:
Ile kisse thee now, for words with teares are staid.

Isa. And Ile close vp the glasses of his sight,
For once these Eyes were chiefly my delight.

Hier. Seest thou this hand-kircher besmeard with blood?
It shall not from me, till I take reuenge.
Seest thou these wounds, that yet are bleeding fresh?
Ile not intombe them till I haue reuenge:
Then will I ioy amidst my discontent;
Till then, my sorrowes neuer shall be spent.

Isa. The Heauens are iust, Murder cannot be hid:
Time is the authour both of Truth and Right,
And Time will bring this treachery to light.

Hier. Meane while, good *Isabella*, cease thy plaints,
Or at the leaft, dissemble them awhile:
So shall we sooner finde the practise out,
And learne by whom all this was brought about.
Come *Isabella*, now let's take him vp, *They take him vp.*
And beare him in, from out this cursed place:
Ile say his Dirge, singing fits on this case.

O aliquis mihi quas pulchrum ver educat herbas,

Hieronimo sets his brest unto his sword.

Misceat & nostro detur medicina dolori:

Aut si qui faciunt annum oblimia succos,
Prebeat, ipse metum magnam quicunque per orbem,
Gramina Sol pulchras efficit in luminis oras,
Ipse bibam quicquid meditatur saga veneni,
Quicquid & iraui euocata menia neltit.
Omnia perpetiar, letum quoque dum semel omnis,
Noster in extincto moriatur pectore sensus:
Ergo tuos oculos nunquam (mea vita) videbo,

Et

The Spanish Tragedie.

*Et tua perpetuus sepelunt lumina somnus.
Emor ira tecum sic, Sic iuna ire sub umbras,
At tamen ab sistam properato cedere letbo,
Ne mortem vidicta tuam tam nulla sequatur.*

Here he throwes it from him, and beares the body away.

Andrea.

Broughtst thou me hither, to increase my paine?
I lookt that *Balthazar* should haue been slaine:
But tis my friend *Horatio* that is slaine;
And they abuse faire *Belimperia*,
On whom I doted more then all the world,
Because she loued me more then all the world.

Reuenge.

Thou talkest of the haruest, when the *Corne* is greene,
The end is growne of euery worke well done.
The Sickle comes not till the *Corne* be ripe.
Be still, and ere I lead thee from this place,
Ile shew thee *Balthazar* in heauy case.

ACTVS TERTIVS.

Enter Viceroy of Portingale, Nobles, Alexandro, Villippo.

Vice. **I**Nfortunate condition of Kings,
Seated among so many helpleſſe doubts:
First, we are plac'd vpon extreameſt height,
And oft ſupplanted with exceeding hate:
But euer ſubiect to the wheele of Chance;
And at our highest, neuer ioy we ſo,
As we both doubt and dread our ouerthrow.
So ſtriueth not the waues with ſundry winds,
As Fortune toyleth in th'affaires of Kings,
That would be fear'd, yet feare to be beloved,
Sith feare, or loue, to Kings is flattery:
For instance (Lordings) looke vpon your King,
By hate depriued of his deareſt ſonne,
The onely hope of our ſuccesſive liues.

Nob. I had not thought that *Alexandros* heart,
Had been inuenomed with ſuch extreame hate:

The Spanish Tragedie.

But now I see, that words haue feuerall works,
And there's no credit in the countenance.

Vil. No, for (my Lord) had you beheld the traine,
That fained loue had coloured in his lookes,
When he in Campe, consorted *Balibazar*,
Farre more inconstant had you thought the Sunne,
That hourelly coasts the Centre of the earth,
Then *Alexandros* purpose to the Prince.

Vice. No more *Vill. ppo*, thou hast said enough,
And with thy words, thou slayest our woundest thoughts;
Nor shall I longer dally with the world,
Procrastinating *Alexandros* death:
Goe some of you and fetch the Traytor forth,
That as he is condemned, he may die.

Enter *Alexandro*, with a *Noble-man*, and *Halberts*.

Nobl. In such extremes, will nought but patience serue.

Alex. But in extremes, what patience shall I vse?
Nor discontents it mee to leaue the world,
With whom there nothing can preuaile but wrong.

Nobl. Yet hope the best.

Alex. Tis Heauen is my hope,
As for the Earth, it is too much infected,
To yeeld me hope of any of her mould.

Vice. Why linger ye? bring forth that daring fiend,
And let him die for his accursed deed.

Alex. Not that I feare the extremity of death,
(For Nobles cannot stoope to seruile feare)
Doe I (O King) thus discontented liue.
But this, O this torments my labouring soule,
That thus I dye suspected of a sinne,
Whereof, as heauens haue knowne my secret thoughts,
So am I free from this suggestion.

Vice. No more I say; to the tortures, when?
Binde him, and burne his body in those flames,

They bind him to the stake.

That shall prefigur those vnquenched fires
Of *Phlegeton*, prepared for his soule.

Alex. My guiltlesse death will be aueng'd on thee.

On

The Spanish Tragedie.

On thee Villippe, that hath malic'd thus;
Or of thy meed, hast falsely me accus'd.
Vil. Nay *Alexandro*, if thou menace me,
Ile lend a hand to send thee to the Lake,
Where those thy words shall perish with thy works:
Iniurious Traytour, monstrous homicide.

Enter Embassadour.

Emb. Stay, hold a while; and here (with pardon of his
Majesty) lay hands vpon Villippe. (trance?)

Vice. Embassadour, what newes hath vrg'd this sudden en-

Em. Know my Soucraigne, that Balthazar doth liue.

Vice. What fayest thou; liueth Balthazar our sonne?

Em. Your Highnesse sonne L. Balthazar doth liue,
And well intreated in the Court of Spaine:
Humbly commends him to your Majestic:
These eyes beheld, and these my followers,
With these the Letters of the Kings commend,
Gives him Letters.

Are happy witnesse of his Highnesse health.

The King lookes on the Letters, and proceeds.

Vice. Thy Sonne doth liue, your Tribune is receiv'd

Thy peace is made, and wee are satisfied:

The rest resolute upon, as things propos'd,

For both our honours, and thy benefite.

Emb. These are his Highnesse further articles.

Gives him more Letters.

Vice. Accursed wretch, to intimate these illes,
Against the life and reputation
Of noble *Alexandro*: Come, my Lord, vnbind him;
Let him vnbind thee, that is bound to death,
To make a quitall for thy discontent.

They vnbind him.

Alex. Dread Lord, in kindnesse you could doe no less,
Vpon report of such a damned fact:
But, thus we see our innocency hath saued
The hopelesse life which thou Villippe sought
By thy suggestions to haue massacred.

Vice. Say false Villippe, wherefore didst thou thus.

E

Falsely

The Spanish Tragedie.

Falsely betray Lord *Alexandros* life?
Him whom thou knowest, that no vnkindnesse else,
But even the slaughter of our dearest sonne,
Could once haue mooued vs, to haue misconceiued.

Alex. Say (treacherous *Villippo*) tell the King;
Or wherein hath *Alexandros* vs'd thee ill?

Vil. Rent with remembrance of so foule a deed,
My guiltfull soule submits me to thy doome:
For, not for *Alexandros* iniuries,
But for reward, and hope to be prefer'd:
Thus haue I shamelessly hazarded his life.

Vice. Which villaine, shall be ransom'd with thy death,
And not so meane a torment as we heere
Deuis'd for him, who thou saidst slew our sonne:
But with the bitterst tormentes and extremes,
That may be yet iauented for thine end. *Alex.* seems to intreat
Intreat me not, goe take the Traitor hence: Exit *Vil.*
And *Alexandro*, let vs honour thee,
With publique notice of thy loyaltie.
To end those things articulated heere,
By our great Lord, the mightie King of *Spaine*,
Wee with our Counsell will deliberate:
Come *Alexandro*, keepe vs company. Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hir. Oh eyes! no eyes, but fountains fraught with teares.
Oh life! no life, but liuely forme of death:
Oh world! no world, but masse of publique wrongs,
Confusde and fild with murder and misdeeds:
Oh sacred Heauen! if this vnhallowed deed,
If this vnhumane and barbarous attempt:
If this incomparable Murder thus,
Of mine, but now no more my sonne,
Shall vntreuald, and vntreuenged passe,
How should we tearme your dealings to be iust,
If you vniustly deale with those that in your Justice trust?
The night, sad Secretary to my moanes,
With direfull Visions, wake my vexed soule,
And with the wounds of my distressefull sonne,

Solicite

The Spanish Tragedie.

Solicite me, for notice of his death.

The ougly Fiends doe sally foorth of Hell,
And frame my steps to vnfremented paths,
And feare my heart with fierce inflamed thoughts.

The cloudy Day, my Discontent records,
Early begins to register my Dreames,
And driue me foorth to seeke the Murderer.

Eyes, Life, World, Heauens, Hell, Night, and Day,
See, search, shew, send some man,
Some meane that may.

A letter falleth.
What's here, a Letter? tush, it is not so:

A Letter written to Hieronimo.

Red Inke.

For man of Inke, receive this bloody Writ;

I le bath my haplesse Brother bid from thee:

Reuenge thy selfe on Balthazar and him:

For those were they that murdered thy sonne.

Hieronimo, reuenge Horatios deare,

And better fare then Belimperia doth.

What meanes this vncpected Miracle?

My sonne slaine by Lorenzo, and the Prince:

What cause had they Horatio to maligne?

Or what might mooue thee Belimperia,

To accuse thy Brother? Had he beene the meane?

Hieronimo beware, thou art bettayd,

And to intrap thy life, this traine is laid:

Aduise thee therefore, be not credulous,

This is devised to endanger thee,

That thou by this, Lorenzo shouldest accuse,

And he for thy dishonour done, should draw

Thy life in question, and thy name in hate.

Deare was the life of my beloued sonne,

And of his death behoues me be reueng'd:

Then hazard not thine owne Hieronimo,

But liue to effect thy resolution:

I therefore will by circumstances trie,

What I can gather to confirme this Writ,

And hearken neere the Duke of Castiles house,

Close if I can, with Belimperia.

The Spanish Tragedie.

To listen more; but nothing to bewray.

Enter Pedringane.

Hier. Now Pedringane.

Ped. Now Hieronimo.

Hier. Where's thy Lady?

Ped. I know not: here's my Lord.

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. How now, who's this, Hieronimo?

Hier. My Lord.

Ped. He asketh for my Lady Belimperia.

Lor. What to doe, Hieronimo? The Duke my father hath
Upon some disgrace, awhile remooued her hence:
But if it be ought I may informe her of,
Tell me Hieronimo, and I'll let her know it.

Hier. Nay, nay (my Lord) I thank you, it shall not need,
I had a Suit vnto her, but too late,
And her disgrace makes me unfortunate.

Lor. Why so Hieronimo?

Hier. Who you, my Lord? I deserue your favour for a greater honour.
This is a very toy, my Lord, a toy.

Lor. All's one Hieronimo, acquaint me with it.

Hier. Yfaith my Lord, tis an idle thing, I must confess,
I ha bin too slacke, too tardy, too remisse vnto your Honor.

Lor. How now Hieronimo?

Hier. In troth my Lord, it is a thing of nothing;
The murder of a sonne, or sone, or son, or sonne, or son, or sonne
A thing of nothing, my Lord.

Lor. Why then farewell.

Hier. My griefe no heart, my thought no tongue can tell.

Lor. Come hither, Pedringane; seest thou this? *Exit.*

Ped. My Lord, I see it, and suspect it too.

Lor. This is that damned villaine Serberine,
That hath (I feare) reveal'd Horatios death.

Ped. My Lord, he could not, twas so lately done;
And since, he hath not left my company.

Lor. Admit he haue not, his condition's such,
As feare or flattering words, may make him false.

I know

The Spanish Tragedie.

I know his humour, and therewith repente
That ere I vs'd him in this enterprise.
But Pedringano, to prevent the worst,
And cause I know thee secret as my soule,
Here, for thy further satisfaction, take thee this,

Gives him more Gold.

And hearken to me; Thus it is disquis'd,
This night thou must, (and prethee to resolve)
Meet Serberine at S. Luges Parke:
Thou knowst tis here hard by behind the house,
There take thy stand, and see thou strike him sure;

For dye he must, if we doe meane to live.

Ped. But how, shall Serberine be there, my Lord?

Lor. Let me alone, Ile send to him to meet
The Prince and me, where thou must doe this deed.

Ped. It shall be done, my Lord, it shall be done,
And Ile goe arme my selfe to meet him there.

Lor. When things shal alter (as I hope they will)
Then shalt thou mount for this: thou knowest my mind.

Che le leron.

Exit Pedringano.

Enter Page.

Page My Lord?

Lor. Goe sirha, to Serberine, and bid him forthwith
Meet the Prince and me at S. Luges Parke,
Behind the house, this euening, Boy.

Page I goe my Lord.

Lor. But sirha, let the houre be eight a clocke:
Bid him not faile.

Page. I flic, my Lord.

Exe.

Lor. Now to confirme the complot thou hast cast,
Of all these practises, Ile spread the Watch,
Vpon precise commandement from the King,
Strongly to guard the place where Pedringano
This night shall murder haplesse Serberine.

Thus must we worke, that will avoyd distrust,
Thus must we practise to prevent mishape
And thus one ill, an other must expulse.
This flic inquiry of Hieronimo for Belimperis, breeds suspition

The Spanish Tragedie.

And this suspition boades a further ill.
As for my selfe, I know my secret fault,
And so doe they; but I haue dealt for them:
They that for Coyne their soules endangered,
To saue my life; for Coyne shall venture theirs:
And better tis that base companions die,
Then by their life, to hazard our good haps;
Nor shall they live, for me to feare their faulth:
Ile trust my selfe, my selfe shall be my friend:
For die they shall; slaues are ordain'd for no other end. *Exe.*

Enter Pedringano with a Pistoll.

Ped. Now *Pedringano*, bid thy Pistoll hold,
And hold on Fortune, once more fauour me,
Giue but successe to mine attempting spirit,
And let me shift for taking of mine ayme:
Here is the Gold, this is the Gold propos'd,
It is no Dreame that I aduenture for,
But *Pedringano* is possesst thereof; is it aynt for *W.* and
And he that would not straine his Conscience
For him, that thus his liberall purse hath stretcht,
Vnworthy such a fauour may he faile;
And wishing, want, when such as I preuaile:
As for the feare of apprehension,
I know (if need should be) my noble Lord
Will stand betweene me and insuing harmes:
Besides, this place is free from all suspect.
Here therefore will I stay, and take my stand.

Enter the Watch.

- 1 I wonder much to what intent it is,
That we are thus expressly charg'd to watch?
- 2 Tis by commaundement in the Kings owne name.
- 3 But we were neuer wont to watch nor ward
So neare the Duke his house before.
- 4 Content your selfe, stand close, there's somewhat int.

Enter Serberine.

Ser. Heere Serberine, attend and stay thy pace,
For here did *Don Lorenzo* Page appoynt,
That thou by his commaund shouldest meet with him:

How

The Spanish Tragedie.

How fit a place, if one were so dispos'd,
Me thinkes this corner is to close with one.

Ped. Here comes the Bird that I must cease vpon:
Now Pedringano, or neuer, play the man.

Ser. I wonder that his Lordship stayes so long,
Or wherefore shold he send for me so late?

Ped. For this Serberine, and thou shalt ha't. *Shoots the Dag.*
So, there he lies; my promise is perform'd.

The Watch.

1 Hark Gentlemen, this is a Pistoll shot.

2 And here's one slaine; stay the Murderer.

Ped. Now by the sorrowes of the soules in Hell,

He strikes with the Watch.

Who first layes hold on me, Ile be his Priest.

3 Sirra confesse (and therein play the Priest).

Why hast thou thus vnkindly kild the man?

Ped. Why? because he walkt abroad so late.

3 Come sir, you had been better kept your bed,
Then haue committed this misdeed so late.

2 Come, to the Marshall with the Murderer.

1 On to Hieronimo: helpe me heere
To bring the murdered body with vs too.

Ped. Hieronimo? Carry mee before whom you will,
What ere he bee, He answere him and you,
And doe your worst, for I dchie you all. *Exeunt.*

Enter Lorenzo, and Balthazar.

Bal. How now my Lord, what makes yourise so soone?

Lor. Feare of preuenting our mishaps too late.

Bal. What mischiefe is it that we not mistrust?

Lor. Our greatest illes we least mistrust (my Lord)
And vncpected harmes doe hurt vs most.

Bal. Why tell me *Don Lorenzo*, tell me man,
If ought concernes our Honour, and your owne?

Lor. Not you, nor me (my Lord) but both in one:
For I suspect, and the presumption's great;
That by those base confederates in our faulc
Touching the death of *Don Harasio*,
We are betrayd to old Hieronimo.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Bal. Betrayd, Lorenzo? tush it cannot be,

Lor. A guiltie Conscience, vraged with the thought

Of former enis, easily cannot erne :

I am perswaded, and dissuade me not,

That all's revealed to Hieronimo,

And therefore know, that I haue cast it thus. *Enter Page.*

Bat here's the Page, How now, what newes with thee?

Page. My Lord, Serberin is slaine,

Bal. Who, Serberin my man?

Page. Your Highnesse man, my Lord.

Lor. Speake Page, who murdered him?

Page. He that is apprehended for the fact.

Lo. Who?

Page. Pedringano.

Bal. I, Serberin slaine, that loued his Lord so well,

Iniurious Villaine, wurdeler of his Friend.

Lor. Hath Pedringano murdered Serberin?

My Lord, let me intreat you to take the paines

To exasperate and hasten his reuenge,

With your complaints vnto my Lord the King,

This their dissencion, breeds a greater doubt.

Bal. Assure thee Don Lorenzo, he shall die,

Or else his Highnesse hardly shall denie.

Meane while, Ile haste the Marshall Sessions:

For die he shall for this his damned deed. *Exit Bal.*

Lor. Why so, this fits our former policie,

And thus experience bids the wise to deale:

I lay the plot, he prosecutes the poynt:

I set the trap, he breakes the worthlesse twigs,

And sees not that wherewith the Bird was lym'd.

Thus hopefull men that meane to hold their owne,

Must looke like Fowlers, to their dearest friends;

He runnes to kill, whom I haue hope to catch,

And no man knowes it was my reaching fetch.

Tis hard to trust vnto a multitude,

Or any one (in mine opinion)

When men themselves their secrets will reveale.

King

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter a Messenger with a Letter.

Lor. Boy.

Page. My Lord.

Lor. What's hee?

Mes. I haue a Letter to your Lordship.

Lor. From whence?

Mes. From Pedringano, that's imprisoned.

Lor. So, he is imprisoned then?

Mes. I, my good Lord.

Lor. What would he with vs?

He writes vs here, *To stand good L. and helpe him in distresse, &c.*

Tell him, I haue his Letters, know his minde;

And what we may, let him assure him of.

Fellow be gone, my Boy shall follow thee. *Exit Mes.*

This workes like waxe; yet once more trie thy wits.

Boy, goe, conuey this Purse to Pedringano,

Thou knowest the Prison, closely give it him,

And bee aduis'd that none be there about:

Bid him be merry still, but secret;

And though the Marshals Sessions be to day,

Bid him not doubt of his deliuerie;

Tell him, his Pardon is already sign'd:

And thereon bid him boldly be resolu'd:

For were he ready to be turned off,

(As tis my will the vttermorſt be tride)

Thou with his Pardon ſhalt attend him ſtill:

Shew him this Box, tell him his Pardons in't:

But open't not, and if thou louest thy life:

But let him wisely keepe his hopes vñknowne,

He ſhall not want while *Don Lorenzo* liues: away.

Page I goe (my Lord) I runne.

Exit Page.

Lor. But ſirha, ſee that this be cleanly done.

Now stands our Fortune on a tickle poynt,

And now or neuer, ends *Lorenzo*'s doubts:

One onely thing is vneffected yet,

And that's to ſee the Executioner,

But to what end? lift not to truſt the Ayre

With vtterance of our preteſce therein;

F

For

The Spanish Tragedie.

For feare the priuy whispering of the windē,
Conuey our words amongst vnfriendly eares,
That lie too open to aduantages.

Et quel que voglio, il nessun le sa.

Intendo io quel mi bassara.

Exit.

Enter Boy with the Box.

Boy. My Master hath forbidden me to looke in this Box; & by my honesty tis likely, if he had not warned me, I should not haue had so much idle time: for we Men-kind in our minoritie, are like women in their vncertaintie; that they are most forbidden, they will soonest attempt: so I now. By my bare credit, here's nothing but the bare emptie box: were it not sin against Secrecy, I would say it were a piece of Gentleman-like knauery: I must go to *Pedringano* and tell him his Pardon is in this box; nay, I would haue sworne it, had I not seene the contrary. I cannot chuse but smile, to thinke how the villaine wil flowt the Gallows, scorne the Audience, and descant on the Hang-man; and all presuming of his Pardon from hence. Wilt not bee an odde iest, for mee to stand and grace euery iest he makes, pointing my finger at this Box, as who shoud say, Mock on, here's thy Warrant? I st not a scury iest, that a man should iest himselfe to death? Alas poore *Pedringano*, I am in a fort sorry for thee; but if I should bee hanged with thee, I could not weepe.

Exit.

Enter Hieronimo, and the Deputie.

Hier. Thus must we toyle in other mens extremes,
That know not how to remedy our owne;
And doe them Iustice, when vniustly we,
For all our wrongs, can compasse no redresse.
But shall I never liue to see the day,
That I may come by Justice (of the Heauens)
To know the cause, that may my cares allay?
This toyles my body, this consumeth age,
That onely I, to all men iust must be,
And neither Gods nor Men be iust to me.

Depn. Worthy Hieronimo, your Office askes
A care to punish such as doe transgresse.

Hier. So ist my dutie to regard his death,

Who

The Spanish Tragedie.

Who when he liued, deseru'd my dearest blood,
But come, for that we came for : let's begin,
For heere lies that, which bids me to be gone.

*Enter Officers, Boy and Pedringano with a Letter
in his hand, bound.*

Depu. Bring foorth the Prisoner, for the Court is set.

Ped. Gramercie Boy : but it was time to come,
For I had written to my Lord anew,
A nearer matter that concerneth him,
For feare his Lordship had forgotten me :
But sith he hath remembred me so well,
Come, come, come on, when shall we to this geare ?

Hier. Stand foorth thou Monster, Murderer of men,
And heere for satisfaction of the world,
Confesse thy folly, and repent thy fault,
For there's the place of execution.

Ped. This is short worke : well, to your Marshalship.
First, I confess, (nor feare I death therefore)
I am the man, twas I slew Serberus.
But sir, then you thinke this shall be the place,
Where we shall satisfie you for this geare ?

Depu. I, Pedringano.

Ped. No, I think not so.

Hier. Peace impudent, for thou shalt find it so,
For blood with blood, shall (while I sit as Judge)
Be satisfied, and the Law discharg'd.
And though my selfe cannot receiue the like,
Yet will I see that others haue their right.
Dispatch, the fault approued, and confess ;
And by our Law, he is condemn'd to die. *Enter Hangman.*

Hang. Come on sir, are you ready ?

Ped. To doe what ? my fine officious knaue.

Hang. To goe to this geare.

Ped. O sir, you are too forward ; thou wouldest faine fur-
nish me with a halter, to disfurnish me of my Habite :
So I should go out of this geare my Raiment, into that geare
the Rope : *Enter Hangman*

But Hang-man, now I spic your knauary ; Ile not change
with

The Spanish Tragedie.

without boote, that's flat. ~~but~~ And he will say, on w

Hang. Come sir.

Ped. So then, I must vp?

Hang. No remedy.

Ped. Yes, but there shall be for comming downe.

Hang. Indeed here's a remedy for that.

Ped. How, to be turned off?

Hang. I truly. Come, are you ready?

I pray you sir dispatch, the day goes away.

Ped. What, doe you hang by the houre? if you doe, I may chance to breake your old custome.

Hang. Faith you haue no reason, for I am like to breake your young necke.

Ped. Doest thou mocke me, Hang-man? Pray God I bee not preserued to breake your knaues pate for this.

Hang. Alas sir, you are a foot too low to reach it: and I hope you will never grow so high, whiles I am in the Office.

Ped. Sirra, dost see yonder Boy with the Box in his hand?

Hang. What, he that points to it with his finger?

Ped. I, that companion.

Hang. I know him not, but what of him?

Ped. Doest thou thinke to liue till his old Doublet will make thee a new Trusse?

Hang. I, and many a faire yeere after, to trusse vp many an honeste man, then either thou, or hee.

Ped. What hath he in his Box, as thou thinkest?

Hang. Ith, I cannot tell, nor I care not greatly;

Me thinks, you should rather hearken to your soules health.

Ped. Why sirra Hang-man, I take it, that that is good for the body, is likewise good for the Soule: and it may bee, in that Boxe is Balme for both.

Hang. Well, thou art eu'en the merriest piece of Mans-flesh, that euer groan'd at my Office doore.

Ped. Is your rogary become an office with a knaues name?

Hang. I, and that shall all they witnesse, that see you scale it with a Theeues name.

Ped. I prethee request this good company to pray for me.

Hang. I marry sir, this is a good motion: My Masters, you see.

The Spanish Tragedie.

see heere's a good fellow.

Ped. Nay, nay, now I remember mee, let them alone till some other time; for now I haue no great need.

Hier. I haue not seene a wretch so impudent. O monstrous times, where Murder's set to light; And where the Soule, that should be shrowd in heauen, Solely delights in interdicted things, Still wandring in the thornie passages, That intercepts it selfe of happinesse. Murder, O bloody Monster; God forbid, A fault so foule, should scape vnpunished. Dispatch and see the Execution done, This makes me to remember thee, my sonne. *Exit Hier.*

Ped. Nay soft, no haste.

Depu. Why, wherefore stay you? Haue you hope of life?

Ped. Why I.

Hang. As how?

Ped. Why Rascall, by my pardon from the King.

Hang. Stand you on that? then you shall off with this.

Hier turns him off.

Depu. So Executioner, conuey him hence; But let his body be vnburied: Let not the Earth be choaked, or infect With that, which Heauen contemne, and men neglect.

Exeunt.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. Where shall I runne to breath abroad my woes, My woes, whose weight hath wearied the earth? Or mine Exclaines, that haue surcharg'd the Ayre; With ceafelesse Plaints, for my deceased Sonne; The blustring Winds, conspiring with my words, At my lament, haue moou'd the leafelesse trees; Disroab'd the Meadowes of their flowred greene, Made Mountaines Marsh, with Spring-tide of my teares; And broken through the Brazen gates of Hell. Yet still tormented is my tortured Soule, With broken sighes, and restlesse passions, That winged mount, and hovering in the ayre.

The Spanish Tragedie.

But at the Windowes of the brightest Heauens,
Soliciting for Justice and Reuenge :
But they are plac'd in those Imperiall heights,
Where, countermurd with walles of Diamond,
I find the place impregnable : and they
Resist my woes, and give my words no way.

Enter Hangman with a Letter.

Hang. O Lord sir, God blesse you sir; the man sir, Petergad,
Sir, hee that was so full of merry conceits.

Hier. Well, what of him?

Hang. O Lord sir, he went the wrong way; the fellow had
a faire Commission to the contrary. Sir, here is his Pasport;
I pray you sir, we haue done him wrong.

Hier. I warrant thee, giue it me.

Hang. You will stand betweene the Gallowes and me?

Hier. I, I.

Hang. I thanke your L. Worship. *Exit Hangman.*

Hier. And yet, though somewhat neerer me concernes,
I will to ease the griefe that I sustaine,
Take truce with Sorrow, while I read on this.

My Lord, I write, as my extremes require,
That you would labour my delivery :
If you neglect, my life is desperate,
And in my death, I shall reveale the truth :
You know (my Lord) I slew him for your sake ;
And was confederate with the Prince and you,
Wonne by rewards, and hopefull promises,
I holpe to murder Don Horatio too.

Holpe he to murder mine Horatio,
And actors in th'accursed Tragedy ?
Wast thou Lorenzo, Balthazar, and thou,
Of whom my sonne, my sonne destru'd so well ?
What haue I heard ? what haue mine eyes beheld ?
Q sacred Heauens, may it come to passe,
That such a monstrous and detested deed,
So closely smotherd, and so long conceald,
Shall thus be thus reuenged, or reueald :
Now see I what, I durst not then suspect,

That

The Spanish Tragedie.

That Belimperias Letter was not fain'd :
Nor fained she, though falsely they haue wrong'd
Both her, my selfe, Horatio, and themselues :
Now may I make compare twixt hers and this,
Of euery accident, I nere could find,
Till now, and now I feelingly perceiue
They did, what heauen vnpunisht should not leaue.
O false Lorenzo, are these thy flattering lookes ?
Is this the honour that thou didst my sonne ?
And Balthazar, bane to thy soule and me ?
Was this the ransome he reseru'd for thee ?
Woe to the cause of these constrained Warres,
Woe to thy basenesse, and captiuitie.
Woe to thy birth, thy body, and thy soule,
Thy cursed father, and thy conquered selfe,
And band with bitter execrations be,
The day and place where he did pitie thee.
But wherefore waste I mine vnfuitfull words,
When nought but Blood will satisfie my woes ?
I will goe plaine me to my Lord the King,
And cry alowd for Justice through the Court,
Wearing the Flints with these my withered feet,
And either purchase Justice by intreats,
Or tyre them all with my reuenging threats. Exit.

Enter Isabella, and her Maid.

Isa. So that you say this hearbe will purge the eyes,
And this the head : ah, but none of them wil purge the heart :
No there's no Medicine left for my Disease,
Nor any Phisicke to recure the Dead. *Sbe runnes Lunaticke.*
Horatio, O where's Horatio ?

Maid. Good Madame, affright not thus your selfe,
With outrage for your Sonne Horatio ;
He sleepes in quiet in the Elizian Fields.

Isa. Why, did I not giue you gownes, and goodly things ?
Bought you a Whistle, and Whipsialke too,
To be reuenged on their villanies ?

Maid. Madam, these humours doe torment my soule.

Isa. My soule, poore soule, thou talkst of things,

These

The Spanish Tragedie.

Thou knowest not what, my soule hath siluer wings,
That mounts me vp vnto the highest heauens :
To Heauen, I there sits my *Horatio*,
Back'd with a troupe of fiery Cherubins,
Dauncing about his newly healed wounds,
Singing sweet Hymmes, and chaunting heauenly notes;
Rare Harmony to greeete his innocency,
That liu'd ; I, died a Mirror in our dayes.
But say, where shall I finde the Man, the Murderers,
That slew *Horatio*? Whither shall I runne
To find them out, that murdered my Sonne?

Exeunt.

Belimperia at a window.

Bel. What meaneſt this outrage that is offered me?
Why am I thus ſequeſtred from the Court?
No notice; ſhall I not know the cauſe,
Of this my ſecret and ſuſpicioiuſ illes?
Accuſed Brother, vnkind Murderer,
Why bendſt thou thus thy mind to Martyr me?
Hicronimo, why write I of thy wrongs?
Or why art thou ſoſlacke in thy reuenge?
Andrea, O *Andrea*! that thou ſaweft
Mee, for thy friend *Horatio* handled thus;
And him for me, thus cauſeleſſe murdered.
Well, force perforce, I muſt conſtraine my ſelfe
To paſtience, and apply me to the time,
Till Heauen (as I haue hoped) ſhall ſet me free.

Enter Christopher.

Chris. Come Madame *Belimperia*, this muſt not be.

Enter Lorenzo, Balthazar, and the Page.

Lor. Boy, talke no further, thus farre things goe well,
Thou art assured that thou ſaweft him dead?

Page. Or elſe (my Lord) I liue not.

Lor. That's enough.

As for his reſolution in his end,
Leaue that to him with whom he ſoiournes now :
Heere take my Ring, and giue it *Christopher*,
And bid him let my ſister be enlāg'd,
And bring her hither ſtraight.

This

The Spanish Tragedie.

This that I did, was for a policie,
To smoothe and keepe the murder secret,
Which as a nine dayes wonder, being ore-blowne,
My gentle sister will I now inlarge.

Bal. And time *Lorenzo*, for my Lord the Duke,
You heard, enquired for her yester-night.

Lor. Why? and my Lord (I hope) you heard me say,
Sufficient reason, why she kept away:
But that's all one; (my Lord) you loue her?

Bal. I.

Lor. Then in your loue beware, deale cunningly,
Salue all suspitions, onely sooth me vp:
And if she hap to stand on tearmes with vs,
As for her Sweet-heart, and concealement so;
Iest with her gently: vnder fained iest,
Are things conceald, that else would breed vnrest;
But here shee comes.

Enter Belimperia.

Lor. Now Sister?

Bel. Sister: No, thou art no brother, but an enemy:
Else wouldest thou not haue vs'd thy sister so:
First, to affright me with thy weapons drawne,
And with extremes abuse my company;
And then to hurry me like whirl-winds rage,
Amidst a crew of thy confederates,
And clapt me vp where none might come at me,
Nor I at any, to reueale my wrongs.
What madding fury did posseſſe thy wit?
Or wherein iſt that I offended thee?

Lor. Aduise you better *Belimperia*.
For I haue done you no disparagement:
Unleſſe by more discretion then deserued,
I sought to ſaue your honour, and mine owne.

Bel. Mine honour? Why *Lorenzo*, wherein iſt,
That I neglect my reputation ſo,
As you, or any need to rescue it?

Lor. His Highneſſe, and my Father were resolu'd,
To come conſerre with old *Hieronimo*,

G

Con-

The Spanish Tragedie.

Concerning certaine matters of Estate,
That by the Viceroy was determined.

Bel. And wherein was mine honour touch'd in that?

Bal. Haue patience *Belimperia*, heare the rest.

Lor. Me (next in sight) as Messenger they sent,
To giue him notice that they were so nigh.
Now when I came consorted with the Prince,
And (vnexpected) in an Arbour there,
Found *Belimperia* with *Horatio*.

Bel. How then?

Lor. Why then, remembiring that old disgrace,
Which you for *Don Andrea* had endur'd,
And now were likely longer to sustaine,
By being found so meanly accompanied :
Thought rather, (for I knew no readier meane)
To thrust *Horatio* foorth my fathers way.

Bal. And carry you obscurely somewhere else,
Lest that his Highnes should haue found you there.

Bel. Euen so (my Lord) and you are witnesse,
That this is true which he intreateth of.
You (gentle Brother) forged this for my sake;
And you (my Lord) were made his instrument :
A worke of worth, worthy the noting too.
But what's the cause that you conceald me since?

Lor. Your melancholy (Sister) since the newes
Of your first fauourite *Don Andreas* death,
My Fathers old wrath hath exasperate.

Bal. And better wast for you (being in disgrace)
To absent your selfe, and giue his fury place.

Bel. But why had I no notice of his ire?

Lor. That were to adde more fuell to the fire,
Who burnt like *Aetna*, for *Andreas* losse.

Bel. Hath not my father then enquir'd for me?

Lor. Sister, he hath, and thus excused I thee.

He whispereth in her eare.

But *Belimperia*, see the gentle Prince,
Looke on thy Loue, behold young *Balthazar*,
Whose passions by thy presence, are increast;

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And in whose melancholy, thou mayst see
Thy hate, his loue ; thy flight, his following thoe.

Bel. Brother, you are become an Oratour,
I know not I, by what experience;
Too politique for me, past all compare,
Since last I saw you ; but content your selfe,
The Prince is meditating higher things.

Bal. Tis of thy Beautie then, that conquers Kings :
Of those thy Tresses, *Ariadnes* twinnes,
Wherewith my Libertie thou hast surpriz'd :
Of that thine Iuory Front, my sorrowes Map,
Wherein I see no Hauen to rest my hope.

Bel. To loue, and feare ; and both at once my Lord,
In my conceit, are things of more import,
Then Womens wits are to be busied with.

Bal. Tis I that loue.

Bel. Whom ?

Bal. Belimperia.

Bel. But I, that feare.

Bal. Whom ?

Bal. Belimperia.

Lor. Feare your selfe ?

Bal. I Brother.

Lor. How ?

Bal. As those that when they loue, are loath, and feare to

Bal. Then faire, let *Balthazar* your keeper be. (lose.

Bal. *Balthazar* doth feare as well as wee :

Est tremulo me tuis pauidem iunxero timorem,

Et vanum stolidi proditionis opus.

Exit.

Lor. Nay, and you argue things so cunningly,
Weele goe continue this Discourse at Court.

Bal. Led by the Load-starre of her heauenly lookes,
Wendes poore oppressed *Balthazar*,
As ore the Mountaines walkes the wanderer,
Incertaine to effect his Pilgrimage. Exeunt.

Enter two Portingales, and Hieronimo meets them.

I By your leauue sir.

Hier. Tis neither as you thinke, nor as you thinke,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Nor as you thinke : you're wide all :
These Slippers are not mine, they were my sonne *Horatios*.
My sonne, and what's a sonne ?
A thing begot within a paire of Minutes, there about :
A lump bred vp in darknesse, and doth serue
To ballance those light creatures we call Women,
And at nine moneths end, creepes foorth to light.
What is there yet in a Sonne,
To make a Father dote, rauue, or runne mad ?
Being Borne, it powts, cries and breeds teeth.
What is there yet in a Sonne ?
He must be fed, be taught to goe, and speake :
I, or yet ; why might not a man loue a Calfe as well ?
Or melt in passion ore a frisking Kidde, as for a Sonne ?
Me thinkes a young Bacon,
Or a fine little smooth Horse-colt,
Should mooue a man, as much as doth a Sonne,
For one of these in very little time,
Will grow to some good vse ; whereas a Sonne,
The more he growes in stature and in yeares,
The more vnsquare'd, vnleauelled he appeares ;
Reckons his Parents among the ranke of Fooles,
Strikes cares vpon their heads with his mad Ryots,
Makes them looke old, before they meet with age :
This is a Sonne : and what a losse were this considered truly ?
Oh but my *Horatio*, grew out of reach of those
Insatiate humours : he loued his louing Parents ;
He was my comfort, and his Mothers ioy,
The very arme that did hold vp our House :
Our hopes were stored vp in him.
None but a damned Murderer could hate him.
He had not seene the backe of nineteenyeere,
When his strong arme vnhorst the proud Prince *Balthazar* :
And his great minde too full of Honour,
Tooke him vs to mercy, that valiant, but ignoble *Portingale*.
Well, Heauen is Heauen still,
And there is *Nemesis*, and *Furies*,
And things called Whippes,

And

The Spanish Tragedie.

And they sometimes doe meet with Murderers,
They doe not alwayes seape, that's some comfort.
I, I, I, and then time steales on, and steales, and steales,
Till violence leapes foorth like thunder
Wrapt in a Ball of fire,
And so doth bring confusion to them all.
Good leaue haue you: I pray you goe,
For Ile leaue, if you can leaue me, so.

2 Pray you, which is the way to my Lord the Dukes ?
Hier. The next way from me.

2 To his house, we meane.

Hier. O hard by, tis yon house that you see.

2 You could not tell vs if his sonne were there.

Hier. Who, my Lord Lorenzo ?

1 I, sir.

He goes in at one doore, and comes out at another.

Hie. Oh, forbeare, for other talke for vs farre fitter were,
But if you be importune to know
The way to him, and where to finde him out,
Then list to me, and Ile resolute your doubt:
There is a path vpon your left hand side,
That leadeth from a guiltie Conscience,
Vnto a Forrest of distrust and feare,
A darkesome place, and dangerous to passe;
There shall you meet with melancholly thoughts,
Whose palefull humours if you but behold,
It will conduct you to dispaire and death:
Whose rockie clifffes, when you haue once beheld,
Within a hugie dale of lasting night,
That's kindled with the worlds iniquities,
Doth cast vp filthy and detested fumes.
Not far from thence, where Murtherers haue built,
An habitation for their cursed soules :
There in a brazen Caldron fixt by *lone*
In his fell wrath, vpon a sulphire flame,
Your selues shall find *Lorenzo* bathing him,
In boyling Lead, and Blood of Innocents.

1 Ha, ha, ha.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Ha,ha,ha : why ha,ha,ha? farewell good ha,ha,ha :
2 Doubtlesse this man is passing lunatike, *Exit.*
Or, imperfection of his age doth make him dote :
Come, let's away, to seeke my Lord the Duke. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Hieronimo with a Poyniard in one hand,
and a Rope in the other.*

Hier. Now sir, perhaps I come and see the King ;
The King sees me, and faine would heare my Suite.
Why is not this a strange and seeld seene thing,
That standers by, with toyes should strike me mute ?
Goe to, I see their shifts, and say no more.

Hieronimo, tis time for thee to trudge,
Downe by the Dale that flowes with purple gore,
Standeth a fiery Tower ; there sits a Judge
Vpon a Seat of Steele, and molten Brasse :
And twixt his Teeth hee holds a Fire-brand,
That leades vnto the Lake where Hell doth stand.

Away *Hieronimo*, to him begone :

Heele doe thee Iustice for *Horatios* death.

Turne downe this path, thou shalt be with him streight :
Or this, and then thou needst not take thy breath,
This way, or that way : soft and faire, not so ;
For if I hang, or kill my selfe, let's know,
Who will reuenge *Horatios* murder then ?
No, no, fie no : pardon me, Ile none of that.

He flings away the Dagger and Halter.

This way Ile take, and this way comes the King.

He takes them up againe.

And heere Ile haue a fling at him that's flat ;
And *Balthazar*, Ile be with thee to bring ;
And thee *Lorenzo* ; heere's the King, nay stay :
And heere, I heare : there goes the haire away.

Enter King, Embassadour, Castile, and Lorenzo.

King. Now shew Embassadour, what our Viceroy saith :
Hath he receiued the Articles we sent ?

Hier. Iustice, O Iustice to *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Backe, seest thou not the King is busie ?

Hier. O is he so ?

King.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. Who is he that interrupts our businesse?

Hier. Not I : Hieronimo beware, goe by, goe by.

Embas. Renowned King, he hath receiu'd, and read
Thy Kingly proffers, and thy promis'd League :
And as a man extremely ouerioy'd,
To heare his Sonne so princely entertain'd,
Whose death he had so solemnly bewayl'd.
This for thy further satisfaction,
And Kingly loue, he kindly lets thee know :
First for the Mariage of his Princely Sonne
With Belimperia, thy beloued Neece,
The newes are more delightfull to his soule,
Then Myrrh or Incense to the offended Heauens :
In person therefore will he come himselfe,
To see the Mariage Rites solemnized ;
And in the presence of the Court of Spaine,
To knit a sure inexplicable band
Of Kingly loue, and euerlasting league,
Betwixt the Crownes of Spaine and Portingale ;
There will he giue his Crown to Balthazar,
And make a Queene of Belimperia.

King. Brother, how like you this our Viceroyes loue ?

Cast. No doubt (my Lord) it is an argument
Of honourable care to keepe his Friend,
And wondrous zeale to Balthazar his sonne :
Nor am I least indebted to his Grace,
That bends his liking to my daughter thus.

Emb. Now last(dread Lord) here hath his Highnes sent,
(Although he send not that his Sonne returne)
His Ransome due to *Don Horatio*.

Hier. *Horatio*, who calles *Horatio* ?

King. And well remembred, thanke his Maiestie :
Heere, see it giuen to *Horatio*.

Hier. Justice, O Justice, Justice, gentle King.

King. Who is that, *Hieronimo* ?

Hier. Justice, O Iustice : O my Sonne, my Sonne,
My Sonne, who nought can ransome or redeeme.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, you are not well aduisde.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Away *Lorenzo*, hinder me no more,
For thou hast made me bankrupt of my blisse;
Giue me my sonne, you shall not ransome him.
Away, Ile rip the bowels of the earth,

He diggith with his Dagger.

And ferry ouer to the Elizian plaines,
And bring my Sonne to shew his deadly wounds.
Stand from about me, Ile make a Pick-axe of my Poniard,
And heere surrender vp my Marshalship:
For Ile goe Marshall vp my fiends in Hell,
To be auenged on you all for this.

King. What meanes this outrage;
Will none of you restraine his furie?

Hier. Nay soft and faire, you shall not need to striue,
Needs must he goe that the Deuils driue. Exit.

King. What accident hath hapt to *Hieronimo*?
I haue not seene him to demeane him so.

Lor. My gracious Lord, he is with extreame pride,
Conceiu'd of young *Horatio* his Sonne:
And couetous of hauing to himselfe
The Ransome of the young Prince *Balthazar*,
Distract and in a manner lunatike.

King. Beleeue me Nephew, we are sorry for't,
This is the loue that Fathers beare their Sonnes:
But gentle Brother, goe giue to him this Gold,
The Princes Ransome; let him haue his due,
For what he hath, *Horatio* shall not want,
Happily *Hieronimo* hath need thereof.

Lor. But if he be thus haplesly distract,
Tis requisite his Office be resign'd,
And giuen to one of more discretion.

King. We shall increase his melancholy so,
Tis best we see further in it first:
Till when, our selfe will exempt the place.
And Brother, now bring in the Embassadour,
That he may bee a witnesse of the Match,
Twixt *Balthazar* and *Belimperia*,
And that we may prefixe a certaine time,

Where

The Spanish Tragedie.

Wherein the Mariage shall be solemnized,
That we may haue thy Lord the Viceroy here.

Emb. Therein your Highnesse highly shall content
His Maiestie, that longs to heare from hence.

King. On then, and heare your Lord Embassador. *Exeunt.*

Enter Jaques, and Pedro.

Iaq. I wonder *Pedro*, why our Master thus,
At mid-night sends vs with our Torches light,
When Man, and Bird, and Beast are all at rest,
Saue those that watch for Rape & bloody murther.

Ped. O *Iaques*, know thou that our Masters mind
Is much distraught since his *Horatio* died:
And now his aged yeares should sleepe in rest,
His heart in quiet, like a desperate man,
Growes lunatike and childlike, for his Sonne:
Sometimes as he doth at his Table sit,
He speakes as if *Horatio* stood by him.
Then starting in a rage, falleth on the earth,
Cries out *Horatio*, where is my *Horatio*?
So that with extreame griefe, and cutting sorrow,
There is not left in him one inch of Man:
See, heere he comes.

Enter Hieronimo.

Hier. I pry through euery creuse of each wall,
Looke at each Tree, and search through euery Brake,
Beat on the Bushes, stampe our Grandame Earth,
Diue in the Water, and stare vp to Heauen:
Yet cannot I behold my Sonne *Horatio*.
How now, who's there, Sprights, Sprights?

Ped. We are your seruants that attend you Sir.

Hier. What make you with your Torches in thodarke?

Ped. You bid vs light them, and attend you here.

Hier. No, no, you are deceiu'd, not I, you are deceiu'd:
Was I so mad to bid you light your Torches now?
Light me your Torches at the mid of Noone,
When as the Sun-god rides in all his glory;
Light me your Torches then.

Ped. Then we burne day-light.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Let it be burnt, Night is a murdrous slut,
That would not haue her treasons to be seene;
And yonder pale-fac'd Heccat there the Moone,
Doth giue consent to that is done in darknesse:
And all those Starres that gaze vpon her face,
Are Aglots on her sleeve, pinnes on her traine:
And those that should be powerfull and diuine,
Doe sleepe in darknesse, when they most should shine.

Ped. Prouoke them not (faire sir) with tempting words,
The Heauens are gracious, and your miseries and sorrow,
Makes you speake you know not what.

Hier. Villaine, thou lyest; and thou doest nought
But tell me, I am mad: thou lyest, I am not mad;
I know thee to be *Pedro*, and he *Jaques*.
Ile prooue it to thee; and were I mad, how could I?
Where was she the same night, when my *Horatio* was murdred?
She should haue shone: Search thou the Booke: (grace,
Had the Moone shone in my Boyes face (there was a kind of
That I know) nay, I doe know had the Murderers seene him,
His weapon would haue falne and cut the earth,
Had he been fram'd of nought but blood and death:
Alacke, when Mischief doth it knowes not what,
What shall wee say to Mischief?

Enter *Isabella*.

Isab. Deare *Neronimo*, come in a doores,
Oh seeke not meanes so to encrease thy sorrow.

Hier. Indeed *Isabella*, we doe nothing here;
I doe not crie, aske *Pedro*, and *Jaques*:
Not I indeed, we are very merry, very merry.

Isab. How? be merry here, be merry here.
Is not this the place, and this the very tree,
Where my *Horatio* died, where he was murdered?

Hier. Was, doe not say what: let her wepe it out,
This was the tree, I set it of a Kirtell;
And when our hote *Spaine* could not let it grow,
But that the Infant and the humane sappe
Began to wither; duely twice a morning,
Would I be sprinkling it with fountaine water:

At

The Spanish Tragedie.

At last it grew and grew, and bore, and bore :
Til at the length it grew a gallows, and did beare our sonne;
It bore thy fruit and mine : O wicked, wicked Plant.

One knockes within at the doore.

See who knocks there ?

Pedro. It is a Painter sir.

Hier. Bid him come in, and paint some comfort,
For surely there's none liues but painted comfort :
Let him come in, one knowes not what may chance :
Gods will, that I should set this tree.
But even so Masters, vngrateful seruants, reard from nought,
And then they hate them, that did bring them vp.

Enter the Painter.

Paint. God blesse you sir.

Hier. Wherefore? why, thou scornefull Villaine?
How, where, or by what meanes should I be blest?

Isa. What wouldst thou haue, good fellow?

Paint. Justice, Madame.

Hier. O ambitious Beggar, wouldst thou haue that,
That liues not in the world?
Why, all the vndelued Mynes cannot buy
An ounce of Justice, tis a Jewell so inestimable,
I tell thee, God hath ingrossed all Justice in his hands,
And there is none, but what comes from him. (sonne.

Pain. O then I see, that God must right me for my murdred

Hier. How, was thy sonne murdred?

Pain. I sir : no man did hold a sonne so deare.

Hier. What, not as thine? that's a lyce
As massie as the Earth; I had a sonne,
Whose least vnualed haire did weigh
A thousand of thy sonnes, and he was murdered.

Pain. Alas sir, I had no more but he.

Hier. Nor I, nor I : But this same one of mine,
Was worth a legiōn : but all is onc.
Pedro, Iaques: goe in a doores *Isabella* goe,
And this good fellow heere, and I,
Will range this hideous Orchard vp and downe,
Like to two Lyons reaued of their young.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe in a doores, I say.

Exempts.

The Painter and his firs donne.

Come, let's talk wisely now.

Was thy sonne murdered?

Pain. I sir.

Hier. So was mine.

ow dost thou take it? art thou not sometime mad?

14. **W**hat profiteth a man if he gain the whole world, and loseth his own soul? **I**h there no trickes that come before thine eyes?

Pain. O Lord, yes sir.

Hier. Art a Painter? Canst paint me a Teare, or a wound?

A Groane, or a Sigh? Canst paint me such a Tree as this?

Pain. Sir, I am sure you have heard of my painting:

My name's Bazarro.

Hier. Bazardo? afore God an excellent fellow, look you sir,
Doe you see? Ide haue you paint me my Gallery
In your oyle-colours matted: and draw me ffe
Yeares younger then I am: Doe you see sir? let ffe
Yeares goe: let them goe like the Marshall of Spaine,
My wife *Isabella* standing by me,
With a speaking looke to my sonne *Horatio*:
Which should intend to this, or some such like purpose:
God blesse thee my sweet sonne; and my hand leaning vpon
his head thus sir: doe you see? may it be done?

Pain. Very well sir.

Hier. Nay, I pray marke me sir :

Then sir, would I haue you paint me this tree, this very tree :
Canst paint a dolefull cric ? blod blod blod on me I weare

Pain. Seemingly sir.

Hier. Nay, it should cry: but all is ONE.
Well sir, paint me a youth run thorow and thorow with vil-
laines swords, hanging vpon this tree.

Canst thou draw a Murderer?

Pain. I le warrant you sir; I haue the patterne of the most notorious Villaines, That euer liued in all Spaine.

Hier. O, let them be worse, worse : stretch thine Art,
And let their Beards be of *Inde* his owne colour,
And let their eye-browes *intre* ouer: in any case obforue that;

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then sir, after some violent noyse,
Bring me forth in my shirt, and my gowne vnder mine arme,
With my torch in my hand, and my sword reared vp thus:
And with these words:

What noyse is this, who calles Hieronimo?

May it be done?

Paint. Yea sir.

Hier. Well sir, then bring me forth, bring me through ally,
and ally, still with a distracted countenance going along,
and let my haire heave vp my Night-cap.

Let the Cloudes scowle, make the Moone darke, the Starres
extinct, the windes blowing, the Belles tolling, the Owles
shriking, the Toads croking, the Minutes ierring, and the
Clocke striking twelue.

And then at laist sir, starting, behold a man hanging, and tot-
tring, and tottring, as you know the winde will weave a
man, and I with a trice to cut him downe.

And looking vpon him by the aduantage of my torch, find it
to be my sonne *Horatio*.

There you may a pafſion, there you may shew a paſſion.

Draw me like old *Priam of Troy*,

Crying the house is a fire, the house is a fire,

As the Torch ouer thy head: Make me curse,

Make me raue, make me cric, make me mad,

Make me well againe, make me curse Hell,

Inuocate, and in the end leaue me:

In a trance, and so foorth.

Paint. And is this the end?

Hier. O no, there is no end: the end is death and madnesſe;
As I am neuer better then when I am mad,

Then me thinkes I am a braue fellow,

Then I doe wonders, but reason abuseth me,

And there's the torment, there's the Hell:

At the laſt, ſir, bring me to one of the Murderers,

Were he as ſtrong as *Hector*, thus would I

Teare and dragge him vp and downe.

*He bears the Painter in, then comes out againe,
with a Booke in his hand.*

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vindicti mibi:

I, heauen will be reueng'd of euery ill,
Nor will they suffer Murder vnrepaid :
Then stay Hieronimo, attend their will,
For mortall men may not appoyn特 a time.

Per scelus semper tutum est sceleribus iter.

Strike, and strike home, where wrong is offered thee ;
For euils vnto ill conductors be,
And death's the worst of Resolution :
For he that thinkes with Patience to contend,
To quiet life, his life shall easily end.

Fatasi miseres iuvant babes salutem,

Fatasi vitam negant, babes sepulchrum.

If Destiny thy miseries doe ease,
Then hast thou health, and happy shalt thou be.
If Destiny deny thee life Hieronimo,
Yet thou shalt be assured of a Tombe :
If neither, yet let this thy comfort be,
Heauen couereth him that hath no buriall.
And to conclude, I will reuenge his death :
But how ? not as the vulgar witts of men,
With open, but ineuitable ils,
As by a secret, yet a certaine meane,
Which vnder kindship will be cloaked best :
Wise men will take their opportunitie,
Closely, and safely, fitting things to time.
But in extremes, vantage hath no time :
And therefore all times fit not for reuenge.
Thus therefore will I rest me in vnrest,
Dissembling quiet in vnquietnesse :
Not seeming that I know their villanies,
That my simplicitie may make them thinke,
That ignorantly I will let it slip :
For Ignorance I wot, and well they know,

Remedium malorum iners est.

Nor ought auayles it me to menace them.
Who, as a Wintry storme vpon a Plaine,
Will beare me dowe with their Nobilitie.

The Spanish Tragedie.

No, no, *Hieronimo*, thou must enioyne
Thine eyes to obseruation, and thy tongue,
To milder speaches, then thy Spirits affoord,
Thy heart to patience, and thy hands to rest:
Thy Cap to Curtesie, and thy Knee to bow,
Till to reuenge thou know, when, where, and how.

A noyse within.

How now, what noyse? what coyle is that you keepe?

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Heere are a sort of poore Petitioners,
That are importunate, and it shall please you sir,
That you should plead their causes to the King.

Hier. That I should plead their severall Actions?
Why let them enter, and let mee see them.

Enter three Citizens, and an old man.

1 So, I tell you this, for Learning and for Law,
There's not any Aduocate in Spaine,
That can preuaile, or will take halfe the paine,
That he will, in pursuit of Equitie.

Hier. Come neere, you men that thus importune me;
(Now must I beare a face of grauitie)
For this I vsde before my Marshallship,
To pleade in causes as *Corriegidor*,
Come on sirs, what's the matter?

2 Sir, an Action.

Hier Of Battery?

1 Mine of Debt.

Hier. Giue place.

2 No sir, mine is an action of the case.

3 Mine an *Eiectsone Firma* by Lease.

Hier. Content you sirs, are you determined.

That I should plead your severall Actions?

1 I sir, and heere's my Declaration..

2 And here is my Band.

3 And heere is my Lease.

They give him papers.

Hier. But wherefore stand you silly man, so mute?
With mournefull eyes, and hands to Heauen vpreard?
Come hither Father, let me know thy Cause?

Senex.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Senex. O worthy sir, my cause but slightly knowne,
May mooue the hearts of warlike Myrmedons,
And melt the corsicke Rockes with ruefull teares.

Hier. Say father, tell me, what's thy suite?

Senex. No sir, could my woes,
Giue way vnto my most distressefull words,
Then should I not in Paper (as you see)
With Inke bewray, what Blood began in me.

Hier. What's here? *The humble Supplication
of Don Bazulto, for his murdered Sonne.*

Senex. I sir.

Hier. No sir, it was my murdered sonne, O my sonne,
Oh my sonne, oh my sonne Horatio.
But mine, or thine *Bazulto*, be content.
Here take my Handkercher, and wipe thine eyes,
Whiles wretched I, In thy mishaps may see
The liuely pourtrait of my dying selfe.

He drawes out a bloody Napkin.

O no, not this *Horatio*, this was thine;
And when I dide it in thy dearest blood,
This was a token twixt thy soule and me,
That of thy death revenged I should be.
But heere, take this, and this, what my Purse?
I this, and that, and all of them are thine:
For all as one are our extremities.

I Oh, see the kindnesse of *Hieronimo*;
This gentlenesse shewes him a Gentleman.

Hier. See, see, Oh see thy shame *Hieronimo*;
See heere a louing Father to his Sonne:
Behold the sorrowes and the sad laments,
That he deliuered for his sonnes decease.
If Loues effects so striues in lesser things,
If Loue enforce such moods in meaner wits,
If Loue enforce such power in poore estates:
Hieronimo, when as a raging Sea,
Tost with the winde and tyde, or returned then
The vpper billowes, course of wanest to keepe,
Whilst lesser waters labour in the deepe:

Then

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then shamest thou not Hieronimo, to neglect
The swift reuenge of thy Horatio?
Though on this Earth Justice will not be found,
Ile downe to Hell, and in this passion,
Knocke at the dismall gates of Plutos Court,
Getting by force (as once Alcides did)
A troupe of Furies, and tormenting Hagges,
To torture *Don Lorenzo* and the rest.
Yet least the triple-headed Porter should
Deny my passage to the slimy Strand,
The *Thracian* Poet thou shalt counterfeit:
Come old Father, be my *Orpheus*,
And if thou canst no notes vpon the Harpe,
Then sound the burden of thy sore hearts griefe,
Till we doe gaine, that *Proserpine* may graunt
Reuenge on them that murdered my sonne.
Then will I rent and teare them thus, and thus,
Shiuering their limbes in picces with my teeth.

Teares the Papers.

1 O fir, my Declaration.

Exit Hieronimo, and they after.

2 Saue my Bond.

Enter Hieronimo.

2 Saue my Bond.

3 Alas, my Lease, it cost me ten pound,
And you (my Lord) haue borne the same.

Hier. That cannot be, I gaue them neuer a wound;
Shew me one drop of blood fall from the same:
How is it possible I should slay it then?
Tush no, run after, catch me if you can.

Exeunt all but the old man.

Bazulio remaines till Hieronimo enters againe, who
staring him in the face, speaketh.

Hier. And art thou come Horatio, from the depth,
To aske for Justice in this vpper Earth,
To tell thy Father thou art vnreueng'd,
To wring more teares from *Isabellas* eyes:
Whose lights are dim'd with ouer-long laments?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Goe backe my Sonne, complaine to *Eachus*,
For heere's no Iustice ; gentle Boy begone :
For Iustice is exiled from the Earth,
Hieronimo will beare thee company.
Thy Mother cryes on righteous *Radamant*,
For iust Reuenge against the Murderers.

Senex. Alas (my L.) whence springs this troubled speach ?
Hier. But let me looke on my *Horatio*.

Sweet Boy, how thou art chang'd in Deaths blacke shade ;
Had *Proserpine* no pitie on thy youth,
But suffered thy faire crimson coloured Spring,
With withered Winter to be blasted thus ?
Horatio, thou art elder then thy Father :
Ah, ruthlesse Father, that fauour thus transformes.

Baz. Ah my good Lord, I am not your young sonne.

Hier. What, not my sonne, thou then a Fury art,
Sent from the emptie Kingdome of blacke Night,
To summon mee to make appearance
Before grim *Minos*, and iust *Radamant*,
To plague *Hieronimo* that is remisse,
And seekes not vengeance for *Horatios* death.

Baz. I am a grieved man, and not a Ghost,
That came for Iustice for my murdered Sonne.

Hier. I, now I know thee, now thou nam'st thy sonne :
Thou art the lively image of my grieve,
Within thy face, my sorrowes I may see :
Thy Eyes are dim'd with teares, thy Cheeke's are wan,
Thy Forehead troubled, and thy muttring Lips
Murmure sad words abruptly broken off,
By force of windy sighes thy Spirit breathes,
And all this sorrow riseth for thy sonne :
And selfe same sorrow feele I for my sonne.
Come in old man, thou shalt to *Iabel* :
Leane on my arme : I thee, thou me shalt stay,
And thou, and I, and shee, will sing a Song :
Three parts in one : but all of discords fram'd.
Talke not of Cords, but let vs now begone,
For with a Cord *Horatio* was slaine.

Exeunt.
Enter

The Spanish Tragedie.

Enter King of Spaine, the Duke, Viceroy, and Loreso,
Balthazar, Don Pedro, and Belimperia.

King. Goe Brother, tis the Duke of Castiles cause,
Salute the Viceroy in our name.

Cast. I goe.

Vice. Goe foorth Don Pedro, for thy Nephewes sake,
And greeete the Duke of Castile.

Ped. It shall be done sir.

King. And now to meet the Portingales,
For as wee now are, so sometimes were these,
Kings and Commaunders of the Westerne Indiee.
Welcome (braue Viceroy) to the Court of Spaine,
And welcome all his honourable traine.
Tis not vnkowne to vs, for why you come,
Or haue so Kingly crost the raging Seas:
Sufficed it in this, we note the troth,
And more then common loue you lend to vs.
So is it that mine Honourable Neece ;
For it beseemes vs now that it be knowne,
Already is betroath'd to Balthazar :
And by appoynment, and our condiscent,
To morrow are they to be married.
To this intent we entertaine thy selfe,
Thy followers their pleasures, and our peace.
Speake men of Portingale, shall it be so?
If I, say so: if not, say flatly no.

Vice. Renowned King, I come not as thou think'st,
With doubtfull Followers, vnresolued men,
But such as haue vpon thine Articles,
Confirm'd thy motion, and contented me.
Know Soueraigne, I come to solemnize
The Marriage of thy welbeloued Neece,
Faire Belimperia, with my Balthazar,
With thee my Sonne, whom sith I liue to see :
Heere take my Crowne, I giue it her and thee :
And let me liue a solitary life,
In ceasleffe Prayers,
To thinke how strangely Heauen hath thee preseru'd.

The Spanish Tragedie.

King. See Brother see, how Nature striues in him:
Come worthy Viceroy, and accompany
Thy friend, with thine extremities;
A place more priuate fits this princely mood.

Vice. Or here, or where your Highnesse thinke it good.

Exeunt all but Cast. and Lor.

Cast. Nay stay *Lorenzo*, let me talke with you:
Seest thou this entertainment of these Kings?

Lor. I doe (my Lord) and ioy to see the same.

Cast. And knowest thou why this meeting is?

Lor. For her (my Lord) whom *Balthazar* doth loue,
And to confirme the promised Mariage.

Cast. Shee is thy Sister.

Lor. Who, *Belimperia*? I my gracious Lord:
And this is the day that I haue long'd so happily to see.

Cast. Thou wouldest be loth that any fault of thine,
Should intercept her in her happiness.

Lor. Heauens will not let *Lorenzo* erre so much.

Cast. Why then *Lorenzo* listen to my words:
It is suspected, and reported too,
That thou *Lorenzo*, wrongst *Hieronimo*,
And in his suits towards his Maiestie,
Still keepes him backe, and seeks to crosse his suit.

Lor. That I, my Lord?

Cast. I tell thee sonne, my selfe haue heard it said,
When (to my sorrow) I haue been ashamed
To answere for thee, though thou wert my sonne.

Lorenzo, knowst thou not the common loue,
And kindnesse that *Hieronimo* hath wonne
By his deserts, within the Court of Spaine?
Or seest thou not the King my Brothers care,
In his behalfe, and to procure his health?

Lorenzo, shouldest thou thwart his passions,
And he exclaime against thee to the King,
What honour wert in this assembly,
Or what a scandall wert among the Kings,
To heere *Hieronimo* exclaime on thee?
Tell me, and looke thou tell me truly,

Whence

The Spanish Tragedie.

Whence growes the ground of this report in Court?

Lor. My Lord, it lyes not in *Lorenzo* power
To stop the vulgar liberall of their tonges:
A small aduantage makes a water-breach;
And no man liues, that long contenteth all.

Cast. My selfe hane seene thee busie to keepe backe
Him and his supplications from the King.

Lor. Your selfe, my Lord, haue seene his passions,
That ill beseem'd the presence of a King:
And for I pitied him in his distresse,
I held him thence with kind and courteous words,
As free from malice to *Hieronimo*,
As to my soule, my Lord.

Cast. *Hieronimo* (my sonne) mistakes thee then?

Lor. (My gracious Father, beleene me) so he doth.
But what's a silly man distract in mind,
To thinke vpon the murder of his Sonne?
Alas, how easie is it for him to erre?
But for his satisfaction, and the worlds,
Twere good (my Lord) *Hieronimo* and I,
Were reconcil'd, if he misconster me.

Cast. *Lorenzo*, thou haft said, it shall be so,
Goe one of you, and call *Hieronimo*.

Enter *Baltazar* and *Belimperia*.

Bal. Come *Belimperia*, *Balthazar's* content,
My sorrowes ease, and soueraigne of my blis,
Sith heauen hath thee ordained to be mine,
Disperse those clouds, and melancholly lookes,
And cheere them vp with those thy sun-bright eyes,
Wherein my hope and heauens faire beauty lyes.

Bel. My lookes (my Lord) are fitting for my loue;
Which new begun, can shew no brighter yet.

Bal. New kindled flames should burne as morning Sunne.

Bel. But not too fast, lest heat and all be done.
I see my Lord my Father.

Bal. Truce my Loue, I will goe salute him.

Cast. Welcomé *Balthazar*, welcome braue Prince,
The Pledge of *Castiles* peace:

The Spanish Tragedie.

And welcome Belimperia: How now girle? Why commest thou sadly to salute vs thus? Content thy selfe, for I am satisfied, It is not now as when *Andrea* liu'd, We haue forgotten, and forgiuen that, And thou art graced with a happier Loue. But *Balthazar*, heere comes *Hieronimo*, Ile haue a word with him.

Enter *Hieronimo*, and a *Servant*.

Hier. And where's the Duke?

Ser. Yonder.

Hier. Euen so: what new deuice haue they deuised to? *Pecas Palabras*, milde as the Lambe; I st, I will be reuenged? No, I am not the man.

Cast. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Lor. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Bal. Welcome *Hieronimo*.

Hier. My Lords, I thanke you for *Horatio*.

Cast. *Hieronimo*, the reason that I sent To speake with you, is this.

Hier. What, so short? Then Ile be gone, I thanke you for't.

Cast. Nay, stay *Hieronimo*: goe call him *Sonne*.

Lor. *Hieronimo*, my Father craues a word with you.

Hier. With me sir? why my L. I thought you had done.

Lor. No, would he had.

Cast. *Hiero.* I heare you find your selfe agriued at my Son, Because you haue not accessse vnto the King; And sayth tis he that intercepts your Suits.

Hier. Why, is not this a miserable thing my Lord?

Cast. *Hieronimo*, I hope you haue no cause, And would be loth that one of your deserts Should once haue reason to suspect my Sonne, Considering how I thinke of you my selfe.

Hier. Your Sonne *Lorenzo*, whom my noble Lord, The hope of Spaine, mine honourable friend? Graunt me the combat of them, if they dare.

Drawes out his Sword.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ile meet him face to face to tell mee so.
These be the scandalous reports of such,
As loues not mee, and hate my Lord too much.
Should I suspect *Lorenzo* would preuent,
Or crosse my suite, that loasd my Sonne so well?
My Lord, I am ashamed it shold be said.

Lor. Hieronimo, I never gaue you cause,

Hier. My good Lord, I know you did not.

Cast. There pause, and for the satisfaction of the world,
Hieronimo, frequent my homely house,
The Duke of Castile, *Cipriano* ancient Seat;
And when thou wilt, vse me, my sonne, and it:
But heare before Prince *Balthazar* and me,
Embrace each other, and be perfect friends.

Hier. I mary my Lord, and shall.
Friendes (quoth he) see, Ile be friends with you all:
Specially with you my louely Lord;
For diuers causes it is fit for vs,
That we be friends, the world is suspitious,
And men may thinke what we imagine not.

Bal. Why this is friendly done *Hieronimo*.

Lor. And that I hope old grudges are forgot?

Hier. What else, it were a shame it should not be so.

Cast. Come on *Hieronimo*, at my request,
Let vs intreat your company to day. *Exeunt.*

Hier. Your Lordships to commaund.

Keep your way. *Exeunt.*

Mi, chi m'ifa? Pat Correzza Che non salt

Tradiso m'iba orrade vel. *Exit.*

Enter Ghost, and Revenge.

Ghost.

Awake *Eritha*, *Cerberus* awake,
Solicite *Pluto*, gentle *Proserpine*,
To combate *Achimon*, and *Erichus* in Hell,
For neere by *Stix*, and *Pblegeton*:
Nor ferried *Charon* to the fiery Lakes,
Such fearefull sights, as poore *Andrea* sees.
Revenge awake.

Ghost.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Ghost. Awake *Renenge*, for thou art ill aduisde
To sleepe, away : What, art warn'd to watch?

Renen. Content thy selfe, and doe not trouble me.

Ghost. Awake *Renenge*; If *Loue*, as *Loue* hath had,
Haue yet the power or preuaylance in Hell :
Hieronimo with *Lorenzo* is ioyn'd in league,
And intercepts our passage to reuenge :
Awake *Renenge*, or we are woe begone.

Re. Thus worldlings ground what they haue dreasd vpon,
Content thy selfe *Andrea*, though I sleepe,
Yet in my mood soliciting their soules :
Sufficeth thee that poore *Hieronimo*
Cannot forget his sonne *Horatio*.
Nor dyes *Renenge*, although he sleepe awhile :
For in vnquiet, quietnesse is found,
And slumbering is a common worldly wile.
Behold *Andrea* for an instance, how
Renenge hath slept, and then imagine thou,
What tis to be subiect to Destiny.

Enter a dumbe Show.

Ghost. Awake *Renenge*, reueale this mystery.

Ren. The two first, the nuptiall Torches bore,
As bright burning as the mid-dayes Sunne :
But after them doth *Hymen* hye as fast,
Clothed in Sable, and a Saffron Robe,
And blowes them out, and quencheth them with blood,
As discontent that things continue so.

Ghost. Sufficeth me thy meaning's vnderstood,
And thankes vnto thee, and those Infernall powers,
That will not tollerate a Louers woe :
Rest thee, for I will sit and see the rest.

Ren. Then argue not, for thou hast thy request. *Exeunt.*

ACTVS QVARTVS.

Enter Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Bel. Is this the loue thou bearst *Horatio* ?

Is this the kindnesse that thou counterfeits ?

Arc

The Spanish Tragedy

Are these the fruits of thine incessant teares?

Hieronimo, are these thy passions,

Thy protestations, and thy deepe laments,

That thou wert wont to weary men withall?

Oh vnkind Father! Oh deceitfull world!

With what excuses canst thou shew thy selfe?

With what dishonour, and the hate of men,

From this dishonour, and the hate of men,

Thus to neglect the life, and losse of him,

Whom both my letters, and thine owne beliefe,

Assures thee to be causelesse slaughtered?

Hieronimo, for shame *Hieronimo*,

Bee not a Historie to after times,

Of such Ingratitude vnto thy Sonne:

Vnhappy Mother of such Children then:

But monstrous Father, to forget so soone

The death of those, whom they with care and cost,

Hauc tendred so, thus carelesse should be lost.

My selfe a stranger, in respect of thee,

So loued his life, as still I wish their deaths.

Nor shall his death be vnrueeng'd by me,

Although I beare it out for fashion sake:

For heere I sweare, in sight of Heauen and Earth,

Shouldst thou neglect the loue thou shouldest retain,

And giue it ouer, and deuise no more,

My selfe should send their hatefull soules to hell,

That wrought his downfall, with extreameſt death.

Hier. But may it be, that *Belimperia*,

Vowes such reuenge as ſhee hath dain'd to ſay?

Why then I ſee that Heauen applies our drift,

And all the Saints doe ſit ſoliciting,

For vengeance on thofe cursed Murderers.

Madame tis true, and now I find it ſo:

I found a Letter written in your name,

And in that Letter, how *Horatio* dyed.

Pardon, O pardon, *Belimperia*;

My feare and care in not beleeuing it:

Nor thinke, I thoughtleſſe thinke vpon a meane,

The Spanish Tragedie.

To let this death be vnrueeng'd at full :
And here I vow, so you but giue consent,
And will conceale my resolution,
I will ere long determine of their deaths,
That causelesse thus haue murdered my sonne.

Bcl. Hieronimo, I will consent, conseale,
And ought that may effect for thine auayle,
Ioyne with thee to reuenge *Horatios* death.

Hier. O then, whatsoeuer I deuise,
Let me intreat you, grace my practises :
For why, the plot's already in my head.
Heere they are.

Enter Balthazar, and Lorenzo.

Bal. How now *Hieronimo*, what courting *Belimperia* ?

Hier. I my Lord, such courting, as I promise you,
Shee hath my heart; but you my Lord, haue hers.

Lor. But now *Hier.* or neuer, we are to intreat your help.

Hie. My help? why my good Lords, assure your selues of me
For you haue giuen me cause, I by my honour haue you.

Bal. It please you at th'entertainment of the Embassador,
To grace the King so much as with a Show :
Now were your Study so well furnished,
As for the passing of the first nights sport,
To entertaine my Father with the like :
Or any such like pleasing motion,
Assure your selfe it would content them well ?

Hier. Is this all ?

Lor. I, this is all.

Hier. Why then Ile fit you, say no more :
When I was young, I gaue my mind,
And plide my selfe to fruitlesse Poetry :
Which though it profit the Professor nought,
Yet is it passing pleasing to the world.

Lor. And how for that ?

Hier. Marry (my good Lord) thus :
And yet me thinkes, you are too quicke with vs.
When in *Tolledo*, there I studied,
It was my chaunce to write a Tragedie,

See

The Spanish Tragedie.

See heere my Lords, Shewes them a booke.
Which long forgot, I found this other day :
Now would your Lordships fauour me so much,
As but to grace me with your acting it;
I meane each one of you to play a part,
Assure you it will prooue most passing strange,
And wondrous plausible to that assembly.

Bal. What, would you haue vs play a Tragedie ?

Hier. Why ? *Nero* thought it no disparagement,
And Kings and Emperours haue tane delight,
To make experience of their wits in Playes.

Lor. Nay, be not angry, good *Hieronimo*,
The Prince but asked you a question,

Bal. In faith *Hieronimo*, and you be in earnest,
Ile make one.

Lor. And I another.

Hier. Now (my good Lord) could you entreat
Your sister *Betimperia* to make one :
For what's a Play without a Woman int?

Bel. Little intreatie shall serue me *Hieronimo* ;
For I must needs be employed in your Play.

Hier. Why this is well : I tell you Lordings,
It was determined to haue been a fted
By Gentlemen and Schollers too ;
Such as could tell what to speake.

Bal. And now it shall be said, by Princes and Courtiers,
Such as can tell how to speake ;
If (as it is our Countrey manner)
You will but let vs know the Argument.

Hier. That shall I roundly. The *Chronicles of Spaine*
Record this written of a Knight of *Rhodes* :
Hee was bethroth'd, and wedded at the length,
To one *Perseda*, an *Italian* Dame,
Whose beautie rauished all that her beheld;
Especially the soule of *Solyman* :
Who at the Marriage was the chiefeſt Gheſt :
By ſundry meanes ſought *Solyman* to winne
*Perseda*ſ lone, and could not gaine the ſame.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Then gan he breake his passions to a friend,
One of his Bashawes, whom he held full deare,
Her had this Bashaw long solicited,
And saw shee was not otherwise to be wonne,
But by her husbands death : this Knight of Rhodes,
Whom presently by Treachery hee slew.
Shee stird with an exceeding hate therefore,
As cause of this, slew Solyman :
And to escape the Bashawes tyrannie,
Did stab her selfe : and this is the Tragedy.

Lor. O excellent.

Bel. But say, Hieronimo, What then became of him
That was the Bashaw?

Hier. Mary thus, mooued with remorse of his misdeeds,
Ran to a mountaine top, and hang'd himselfe.

Bal. But which of vs is to performe that part?

Hier. O, that will I my Lords, make no doubt of it.
Ile play the Murderer I warrant you,
For I alreadie haue conceited that,

Bal. And what shall I?

Hier. Great Solyman the Turkish Emperour.

Lor. And I?

Hier. Erasto, the Knight of Rhodes.

Bel. And I?

Hier. Perseda chast, and resolute.

And heere my Lords, are severall abstracts drawne,

For each of you to note your parts,

And act it as occasion's offered you.

You must prouide a Turkish Cappe,

A blacke Mustachio, and a Fauchion.

You, with a Crosse, like a Knight of Rhodes.

Gives a paper to Bal.

Gives another to Lor.

And Madame, you must attire your selfe,

Gives Bel. another.

Like Phebe, Flora, or the Huntresse,

Which to your discretion shall seeme best.

And as for me my Lords, Ile looke to one,

And with the Ransome that the Viceroy sent,

The Spanish Tragedie.

So furnish and performe this Tragedie,
That all the world shall say, *Hieronimo*
Was liberall in gracing of it so.

Bal. *Hieronimo*, me thinkes a Comedie were better.

Hier. A Comedie, fie. Comedies are fit for common wits:
But to present a Kingly Troupe withall,
Giue mee a stately written Tragedie;
Tregædia cother nato, fitting Kings,
Containing matter, and not common things.
My Lords, all this must bee performed,
As fitting for the first nights Revelling.
The Italian Tragedians were so sharpe of wit,
That in one howers Meditation,
They would performe any thing in action.

Lor. And well it may, for I haue seene the like
In Paris, mongst the French Tragedians.

Hier. In Paris; Masse, and well remembred,
There's one thing more that rests for vs to doe.

Bal. What s that *Hieronimo*? forget not any thing.

Hier. Each one of vs must act his part
In vnownne Languages,
That it may breed more varietie:
As you my Lord, in Latine; I, in Greeke;
You, in Italian: and for because I know
That *Belimperia* hath practised the French,
In Courtly French shall all her Phrases be.

Bcl. You meane to try my cunning then *Hieronimo*.

Bal. But this will be a meere confusion,
And hardly shall we all be vnderstood.

Hier. It must be so: for the conclusion
Shall prooue the Inuention, and all was good:
And I my selfe in an Oration,
And with a strange and wondrouſ show besides,
That I will haue there behinde a Curtaine,
Assure thy selfe shall make the matter knowne:
And all shal bee concluded in one Sceane,
For there's no pleasure tane in tediousnesse,

Bal. How like you this?

The Spanish Tragedie.

Lor. Why thus my Lord, we must resolue
To sooth his humours vp.

Bal. On then Hieronimo; farewell till soone.

Hier. Youle plie this geare?

Lor. I warrant you. *Exeunt all but Hier.*

Hier. I, why so: Now shall I see the fall of Babylon,
Wrought by the heauens in this confusion.
And if the world like not this Tragedie,
Hard is the hap of old Hieronimo. *Exit.*

Enter Isabella with a weapon.

Isa. Tell me no more, O monstrous homicides,
Since neither pietie, nor pittie moues
The King to Iustice or Compassion:
I will reuenge my selfe vpon this place,
Where they murdered my beloued Sonne.

Shee cuts downe the Arbour.

Downe with these branches, and these loathsome boughes,
Of this vnfortunate, and fatall Pine.

Downe with them Isabella, rend them vp,
And burne the roots from whence the rest is sprung.

I will not leaue a root, a stalke, a tree,
A bough, a branch, a blossome, nor a leafe,
No, not an hearbe within this Garden-plot.

Accursed complot of my misery:

Fruitlesse for euer may this Garden bee,
Barren the Earth, and bleffelesse whosoeuer
Imagines not to keepe it vnmanured.

An Easterne winde commixt with noysome ayres,
Shall blast the Plants, and the young Saplings.

The Earth with Serpents shall be pestered,

And Passengers for feare to bee infect,

Shall stand aloofe, and looking at it, tell:

There murdered, dyed the sonne of Isabell,

I, heere he dyed, and heere I him embrace.

See where his Ghost solicited with his wounds,
Reuenge on her that should reuenge his death.

Hieronimo, make haste to see thy Sonne:

For Sorrow and Dispaire hath cited me,

To

The Spanish Tragedie.

To heare Horatio plead with Radamant :
Makehaste Hieronimo, to hold exclude
Thy negligence in pursuit of their deaths,
Whose hatefull wrath bereau'd him of his breath.
Ah ha, thou doest delay their deaths,
Forgiues the Murderers of thy noble Sonne,
And none but I, bestirre me to no end :
Andas I curse this tree from further fruit,
So shall my wombe be cursed for his sake :
And with this weapon will I woand the breast,
The haplesse breast that gaue Horatio sucke.

Shee stabs her selfe.

Enter Hieronimo, he knockes vp the Curtaines.

Enter the Duke of Castile.

Cast. How now Hieronimo, where's thy fellowes,
That you take all this paine ?

Hier. O sir, it is for the Authors credit,
To looke that all things may goe well :
But good my Lord, let me intreat your Grace,
To giue the King the Copie of the Play :
This is the Argument of what we shew.

Cast. I will Hieronimo.

Hier. One thing more, my good Lord.

Cast. What's that ?

Hier. Let me intreat your Grace,
That when the traine is past into the Gallery, you
Would vouchsafe to throw me downe the key.

Cast. I will Hieronimo.

Exit Cast.

Hier. What, are you ready Balthazar ?
Bring a Chaire, and a Cushion for the King.

Enter Balthazar with a Chaire.

Well done Balthazar, hang vp the Title :
Our Sceane is Rhodes : what is your Beard on ?

Bal. Halfe on, the other is in my hand.

Hier. Dispatch for shame, are you so long ? *Exit Bal.*

Bethinke thy selfe, Hieronimo,
Recall thy witts, recount thy former wrongs,
Thou hast receiu'd by murder of thy Sonne.

And

The Spanish Tragedies.

And lastly, not least, how Isabell,
Once his Mother, and my dearest Wife,
All woe-begone for him hath slaine herselfe.
Behoues thee then Hieronimo, to be reueng'd:
The plot is layd of dire reuenge;
On them Hieronimo, pursue reuenge:
For nothing wants, but acting of Reuenge. *Exit.*

Enter Spanish King, Viceroy, Duke of Castile,
and their Traine.

King. Now Viceroy, shall wee see the Tragedie
Of Solyman the Turkish Emperour,
Perform'd of pleasure, by our Sonne the Prince,
My Nephew, Don Lorenzo, and my Neece.

Viceroy. Who, Belimperia?

King. I, and Hieronimo our Marshall,
At whose request they deine to doo't themselues.
These be our pastimes in the Court of Spaine.
Heere Brother, you shall be the Booke-keeper,
This is the Argument of that they show. *Gives him a Book.*

Gentlemen, this Play of Hieronimo in fudry Languages, was
thought good to bee set downe in English, more largely,
for the easier understanding to every
publique Reader.

Enter Balthazar, Belimperia, and Hieronimo.

Balt. **B**Asaw, that Rhodes is ours, yeeld heauens the honor,
And holy Mahomet our sacred Prophet:
And bee thou grac'd with euery excellency,
That Solyman can giue, or thou desire.
But thy desert in conquering Rhodes is lesse,
Then in reseruing this faire Christian Nymph
Pereda, blissefull Lampe of Excellence,
Whose eyes compell like powerfull Adamant,
The warlike heart of Solyman to wayt.

King. See Viceroy, that is Balthazar your Sonne,
That represents the Emperour Solyman:
How well he actes his amorous passion.

Viceroy.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Vice. I, Belimperia hath taught him that.

Cast. That's because his minde runs all on Belimperia.

Hier. What euer ioy earth yeelds, betide your Maiestie.

Bal. Earth yeelds no ioy without Persedas loue.

Hier. Then let Perseda on your Grace attend.

Bal. Shee shall not wait on me, but I on her,

Drawne by the influence of her Lights, I yeeld:

But let my Friend the Rhodian Knight come forth,

Erafto, dearer then my life to me,

That he may see Perseda my beloued.

Enter Erafto.

King. Heere comes Lorenzo: looke vpon the Plot,
And tell me Brother, what part playes hee?

Bal. Ah my Erafto, welcome to Perseda.

Era. Thrice happy is Erafto, that thou liuest,
Rhodes losse is nothing to Eraftos ioy,
Sith his Perseda liues, his life suruiues.

Bal. Ah Bashaw, heere is loue betwixt Erafto
And faire Perseda, soueraigne of my soule,

Hier. Remooue Erafto, mightie Solymans,
And then Perseda will be quickly wonne.

Bal. Erafto is my friend, and while he liues,
Perseda neuer will remooue her loue.

Hier. Let not Erafto liue to grieue great Solymans.

Bal. Deare is Erafto in our princely eye.

Hier. But if he be your Riuall, let him die.

Bal. Why let him die, so Loue commandeth me;
Yet grieue I that Erafto should so die.

Hier. Erafto, Solymans saluteth thee,
And lets thee wit by me his Highnesse will,
Which is, that thou shouldest be thus employde. Stab him.

Bal. Aye me Erafto; see Solymans, Erafto's slaine.

Bal. Yet liueth Solymans to comfort thee.

Faire Queene of Beautie, let not fauour die,
But with a gracious eye behold his grife,
That with Persedas beautie is increast,
If by Persedas grife be not releast.

Bal. Tyrant, desist soliciting vaine suites,

The Spanish Tragedie.

Relentlesse are mine eares to thy lament,
As thy Butcher is pittilesse and base,
Which seiz'd on my *Eraso* harmelesse Knight;
Yet by thy power thou thinkest to commaund,
And to thy power, *Perseda* doth obey :
But were shee able, thus shee would reuenge
Thy treacheries on thee ignoble Prince : *Let her stab him.*
And on her selfe shee would be thus reueng'd. *Stab her selfe;*
King. Well said old Marshall, this was brauely done.

Hier. But *Belimperia* playes *Perseda* well.

Vice. Were this in earnest *Belimperia*

You would be better to my Sonne then so ?

King. But now, what followes *Hieronimo* ?

Hier. Mary, this followes for *Hieronimo* :

Here breake we off our sundry Languages,

And thus conclude I in our vulgar tongue.

Happily you thinke (but bootelesse be your thoughts)

That this is fabulously counterfeit;

And that we doe as all Tragedians doe,

To die to day, (for fashioning our Sceane,

The death of *Ajax*, or some *Romane Peere*)

And in a minute starting vp againe,

Reuiue to please to morrowes audience :

No, Princes know, I am *Hieronimo*,

The hopelesse Father of a haplesse Sonne;

Whose tongue is tun'd to tell his latest tale,

Not to excuse grosse errors in the Play.

I see your lookes vrgē instance of those words :

Behold the reason vrg'ng me to this.

He shewes his dead Sonne.

See heere my shew, looke on this spectacle :

Heere lay my hope, and heere my hope hath end :

Heere lay my heart, and heere my heart was slaine :

Heere lay my treasure, heere my treasure lost :

Heere lay my blisse, and heere my blisse bereft :

But hope, heart, treasure, ioy, and blisse,

All fled, faild, dyed; yea, all decayd with this :

From soorth these wounds, came breath that gaue me life.

They

The Spanish Tragedie.

They murdered me that made these fatall markes :
The cause was loue, whence grew this mortall hate :
The hate, *Lorenzo*, and young *Balthazar*,
The loue, my Sonne to *Belimperia* :
But night, the couerer of accursed crimes,
With Pitchy silence husht the trayterous harmes,
And lent them leaue, for they had sorted leasure,
To take aduantage in my Garden plot,
Vpon my sonne, my deare *Horatio* :
There mercilessly they butchered vp my Boy,
In blacke darke night, to pale dim cruell Death :
He shrikes, I heard : and yet me thinks I heare
His dismall outcry echo in the ayre :
With soonest speed I hasted to the noyse,
Where hanging on a tree I found my sonne,
Through girt with wounds, and slaughtered as you see :
And grieved (I thinke you) at this spectacle ?
Speake *Portingales*, whose losse resemble mine,
If thou canst weepe vpon thy *Balthazar*,
Tis like I wayld for my *Horatio*.
And you my Lord, whose reconciled sonne,
Marcht in a Net, and thought himselfe vnsene,
And rated me for braine-sicke Lunacie :
Which God amend that mad *Hieronimo*.
How can you brooke our Playes catastrophe ?
And here behold this bloody Handkercher,
Which at *Horatios* death, I (weeping) dipt
Within the Riuier of his bleeding wounds,
Is as propitious : see, I haue preserued,
And neuer hath it left my bleeding heart,
Soliciting remembrance of my vow :
With these, O these accursed murderers ;
Which now perfor'md, my heart is satisfied :
And to this end, the *Bashaw* I became,
That might reuenge me on *Lorenzo*'s life,
Who therefore was appoynted to the part,
And was to represent the Knight of *Rhodes*,
That I might kill him more conueniently.

The Spanish Tragedie.

So Viceroy, was this Balthazar thy sonne,
That Solyman, which Belimperia
In person of Perseda murdered,
Solely appointed to that Tragick part,
That shee might slay him that offended her.
Poore Belimperia mist her part in this :
For though the Story saith, she should haue dyed,
Yet I of kindnesse, and of care to her,
Did otherwise determine of her end.
But loue of him (whom they did hate so much)
Did vrge her Resolution to be fock.
And Princes, now behold Hieronimo,
Authour and Actor in this Tragedy,
Bearing his latest fortune in his fist;
And will as resolute conclude his part,
As any of the Actors gone before.
And Gentiles, thus I end my Play :
Urge no more words, I haue no more to say.

He runneth to hang himselfe.

King. O hearken Viceroy, hold Hieronimo.
Brother, my Nephew, and thy Sonne are slaine.

Vice. We are betrayd, my Balthazar is slaine :
Breake ope the doores : run, save Hieronimo.

They breake in, and hold Hieronimo.

Hieronimo, doe but informe the King of these euent,
Vpon mine Honour, thou shalt haue no harme.

Hier. Viceroy, I will not trust thee with my life,
Which I this day haue offered to my Sonne : (die)
Accursed wretch, why stai st thou him that was resolued to ?

King. Speake traytor, damned bloody Murderer speake ;
For now I haue thee, I will make thee speake :
Why hast thou done this vndeteruineing deed ?

Vice. Why hast thou murdered my Balthazar ?

Cast. Why hast thou butchered both my children thus ?

Hier. But are you sure that they are dead ?

Cast. I, slaine too sure.

Hier. What, and yours too ?

Vice. I, all are dead, not one of them suruiue.

Hier.

The Spanish Tragedie.

Hier. Nay then I care not : come, and we shall be friends,
Let vs lay our heads together :

See, heere's a goodly nooze will hold them all.

Vice. O damned Deuill, how secure he is !

Hier. Secure ? why dost thou wonder at it ?

I tell thee (*Viceroy*) this day I haue seene reueng'd,
And in that sight am growne a prouder Monarch,
Then euer fate vnder the Crowne of *Spaine* :

Had I as many liues as there be Starres,
As many Heauens to goe to, as those liues,
Ide giue them all, I and my soule to boot,
But I would see thee ride in this red poole.

Cast. Speake, who were thy confederats in this ?

Vice. That was thy daughter *Belimperia* :
For by her hand my *Balthazar* was slaine;
I saw her stab him.

Hier. O good words : as deare to me was my *Horatio*.
As yours, or yours, or yours my Lord to you,
My guiltlesse Sonne was by *Lorenzo* slaine,
And by *Lorenzo*, and that *Balthazar*,
Am I at last reuenged throughly ;
Vpon whose soules may Heauens be yet reuenged,
With greater farre, then these afflictions.
Me thinkes, since I grew inward with Reuenge,
I cannot looke with scorne enough on Death.

King. What, dost mock vs slau'e ? bring tortures forth.

Hier. Doe, doe, doe : and meane time I let torture you :
You had a sonne (as I take it,) and your sonne
Should haue bene married to your daughter : ha, wast not so ?
You had a sonne too, he was my Lieges Nephew :
He was proud and politike : had he liued,
He might a come to weare the Crowne of *Spaine* :
I thinke twas so ; twas I that killed him ;
Looke you, this same hand was it that stab'd
His heart : doe you see this hand ?
For one *Horatio*, if you euer knew him,
A youth, one that they hanged vp in his fathers garden :
One that did force your valiant sonne to yeeld,

The Spanish Tragedie.

While your valiant Sonne did take him prisoner.

Vice. Be deafe my Senses, I can heare no more.

King. Fall Heauen, and couer vs with thy sad ruines.

Cast. Rowle all the world within thy pitchy cloud.

Hier. Now doe I applaud what I haue acted.

Nunc mens cada manus.

Now to expresse the rupture of my part,
First take my Tongue, and afterward my Heart.

Hee bites out his Tongue.

King. O monstrous resolution of a wretch :
See Viceroy, he hath bitten foorth his Tongue,
Rather then to reueale what we required.

Cast. Yet can he write.

King. And if in this he satisfie vs not,
Wee will deuise the treamest kind of death,
That euer was inuented for a wretch.

He makes signes for a knife to mend his Pen.

Cast. O, he would haue a knife to mend his Pen.

Vice. Heere, and aduise thee that thou write the truth.
Looke to my Brother, saue Hieronimo.

He with the Knife stabs the Duke, and himselfe.

King. What age hath euer heard such monstrous deeds ?
My Brother, and the whole succeeding hope
Of Spaine, expected after my decease.
Goe beare his body hence, that we may mourne,
The losse of our beloued Brothers death,
That hee may be entomb'd what ere befall :
I am the next, the neerest last of all.

Vice. And thou *Don Pedro*, doe the like for vs :
Take vp our hapleffe Sonne vntimely slaine ;
Set me with him, and he with woefull me,
Vpon the Maine-mast of a Ship vnmang,
And let the winde and tyde hale me along,
To *Sillas* barking and vntamed gulfe ;
Or to the loathsome Poole of *Acbiron*,
To weepe my want of my sweet *Balhazar*,
Spaine hath no refuge for a *Portingale*.

Exeunt.

The

The Spanish Tragedie.

*The Trumpets sound a dead March, the King of Spaine mour-
ning after his Brothers body: and the King of Portsm-
gale bearing the body of his Sonne.*

Enter Ghost, and Renenge.

Ghost. I, now my hopes haue end in their effects,
When Blood and Sorrow finish my Desires:
Horatio murdered in his fathers Bower:
Vile Serberine by Pedringano slaine:
False Pedringano hang'd by quaint deuice:
Faire Isabella by her selfe mis-done:
Prince Balthazar by Belimperia stab'd:
The Duke of Castile, and his wicked Sonne,
Both done to death by old Hieronimo:
My Belimperia falne as Dido fell:
And good Hieronimo slaine by himselfe.
I, these were spectacles to please my soule.
Now will I beg at louely Proserpine,
That by the vertue of her princely doome,
I may consort my friends in pleasing sort,
And on my foes worke iust and sharpe Reuenge.
Ile lead my friend Horatio through those Fields,
Where neuer dying Warres are still inur'd.
Ile lead faire Isabella to that traine,
Where Pitie weepes, but neuer feeleth paine.
Ile lead my Belimperia to those ioyes,
That Vestall Virgins, and faire Queenes possesse.
Ile lead Hieronimo where Orpheus playes,
Adding sweet pleasure to eternall dayes.
But say *Renenge*. (for thou must helpe, or none)
Against the rest, how shall my hate be showne?

Renenge. This hand shall hate them downe to deepest Hell,
Where nought but Furies, Bugges, and Tortures dwell.

Ghost Then sweet *Renenge*, doe this at my request,
Let me be Judge, and doome them to vnrest.

Let

The Spanish Tragedie.

Let loose poore *Tisus* from the Vultures gripe,
And let *Don Cyprian* supply his roome :
Place *Don Lorenzo* on *Ixions* Wheele,
And let the Louers endlesse paines surcease,
Juno forgets old wrath, and graunts him ease.
Hang *Balthazar* about *Chinera* necke,
And let him there bewaile his bloody Loue,
Repining at our ioyes that are aboue.
Let *Serberine* goe roule the fatal Stone,
And take from *Cyprian* his endlesse moane.
False *Pedringana* for his Treachery,
Let him be dragg'd through boyling *Acheron*,
And there liue, dying still in endlesse flames,
Blaspheming Gods, and all their holy names.

Then haste we downe to meet thy Friends and Foes :
To place thy Friends in ease, the rest in woes :
For heere, though Death doth end their misery,
Hee there begin their endlesse Tragedie.

Reuenges, in Daze and Journeys.

Friends and Foes.

Death doth end their misery.

Hee there begin their endlesse Tragedie.



